MEET THE PARENTS

Screenplay
by
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(Based on a film by
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Rehearsal Draft
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FADE IN - SERIES OF SHOTS:

--Two male HANDS scrub vigorously with betadine soap.
--LATEX GLOVES stretch and snap over the hands.
--A gloved hand lifts a SCALPEL from an instrument tray.
--The other swings a large, LIT MAGNIFYING GLASS in place.
--The scalpel moves into the light, toward the "patient"--
--An unopened box of CRACKERJACK. The LID is sliced and…
--TWEEZERS slip inside to extract… the Surprise Packet.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTPATIENT SURGERY O.R. - DAY

GREG, 30-ish and wearing scrubs, eyes the prize, his brow glistening. And as he takes the scalpel to the packet… The O.R. doors open and a DOCTOR enters, startling Greg.

DOCTOR
Nurse, what're you doing in here?

GREG
(swallows, nervous)
Getting engaged…?

EXT. THE SKIES OVER CHICAGO - DAY

A vintage BI-PLANE wings over Chicago on a hot Summer day, pulling behind it a bright mylar BANNER: **"Marry Me, Pam"**

ROLL CREDITS as it passes landmarks-- the Sears Tower, State Street, the Loop, until it banks toward WRIGLEY FIELD.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD STADIUM - THE PLAYING FIELD - SAME

A play's in progress. A Cub slides home he's… SAFE!

IN THE STANDS-- the crowd goes nuts, including GREG, donning a well-worn Cubs cap and PAM BURNS, late 20's and smiling under the brim of her (hometown team) Yankees cap.

PAM/GREG
Wait to hustle! Cubbies! Yeah!

They turn and do a one-hand, high-five-low-five thing, then sit back down in their seats, with their $5 beers.

PAM
So, still think baseball's boring?

GREG
C'mon, I never said boring. I just said someday they may need to… add something. Liven it up a little.

PAM
Like the NBA did with the 3 pt. shot.

GREG
Exactly. Nothing major, maybe just a... live bull, roaming the outfield.

PAM
I *like* that. He can run amok, gore some players, graze between innings...

GREG
...and then it's back to the bullpen.

KRACK! SOSA lines one to center, and as Pam stands and gives an ear-splitting, two-fingered WHISTLE... Greg eyes his watch, then pulls some Bushnell binoculars from a case under his seat. He eyes the skyline.

BINOC POV: A speck approaches from the West. The plane.

Greg lowers the binocs, turns, and gives a subtle nod to-- A VENDOR, waiting at the top of the aisle. He sees Greg's signal, nods, reaches in his pants pocket, and pulls out--

A BOX OF CRACKERJACK, its foil glinting in the sun. Then he starts down the aisle, lugging a box of PEANUTS.

VENDOR
Peanuts! Peanuts here! Feed your whole family for a buck!

Greg settles back in his seat and drapes an arm around Pam, who's busily filling in her program's scorecard. He takes a deep breath. The big moment's finally here.

GREG
Pam?

PAM
Uh-huh...

GREG
I love you.

PAM
(looks up, smiles)
I love you.

This isn't news, just affirmation.

GREG
I mean, these last ten months have just been the... happiest of my life.

PAM
For me too.

GREG
And I was thinking, here we are, happy together, in a place we both love, so maybe it's time we, y'know...

VENDOR
CRACKERJACK!

GREG
...got Crackerjack. Want one?
(before she can answer)
Crackerjack!

Greg motions to the Vendor who nods, throws the box, and--
A shirtless, cardboard-beer-tray-hat-wearing FAN named HOOTIE reaches up and SNAGS IT, mid-air.

HOOTIE
Crackerjack! All right!

He slaps five with his BEER BUDDY beside him. Greg pales.

GREG
Hey, hey, that's my Crackerjack!

HOOTIE
Calm down, buddy, there's more.
(to Vendor)
Toss Chicken Little here a box.

VENDOR
That's the only one I got.
(shrugs, to Greg)
Sorry, Mister. I tried.

He turns and starts back up the aisle. Greg jumps up--

GREG
But that's my Crackerjack!

--and starts squeezing past people's knees, toward Hootie.

PAM
Honey, it's okay, I don't want it--

Greg keeps going. Pam slumps in her seat, embarrassed, and as Hootie puts a thumbnail to the foil package lid...

GREG
Whoa, whoa, don't open that!

HOOTIE
What's your problem, asshole?

GREG
Look, I really need that Crackerjack. There's a surprise inside and--

HOOTIE
No shit-- there's a surprise inside every box of Crackerjack.

BEER-BUDDY laughs, Hooty hoots, and as Greg sweats-- A PLANE ENGINE WHINES. The plane's turning, about to buzz the field. Greg whips out his wallet, whirls to Hootie.

GREG
I'll give you a hundred for it.

He yanks out a Franklin. A BEACH BALL banks off his head.

HOOTIE
A hundred bucks?

A PEEVED FAN BEHIND THEM
DOWN IN FRONT.

GREG
(spins, barks)
RELAX, LADY!
(back to Hootie)
A hundred bucks, c'mon, you want the money or what's in the box?!

HOOTIE
What are you, Monty F-ing Hall?

BEER-BUDDY
Take the money, Hootie.

OTHER FANS AROUND THEM
Yeah, take the money. The cash.

HOOTIE
I'll take the mo--

Greg snatches the box, tosses him the c-note, spins back… And here comes Pam, squeezing past knees, PAGER in hand.

GREG
Pam, wait, where are you going?

PAM
I got beeped. It's marked urgent.

GREG
But honey, I got us Crackerjack! Caramel corn, candied peanuts--

He rips the lid off and yanks out the surprise packet.

GREG
--and a surprise! Quick, open it.

PAM
Greg, c'mon. What if it's a buyer for that condo I just listed?

She squeezes by him and starts up the aisle. Greg gapes, spins toward the field-- the bi-plane's diving fast.

GREG
Dammit!

He leaps to the aisle, tears open the packet, and shakes out a BRILLIANT DIAMOND RING. Hootie sees this, smacks his Buddy's head, and as Greg drops to one knee, right in the aisle, the ring in his hand and "Marry Me, Pam" framed perfectly behind him...

GREG
PAM!

KRACK! A HIT. The Crowd CHEERS, drowning Greg out as Pam continues up the aisle. Greg pales-- can't believe it. The plane climbs from sight. It's over. ...Or is it?

EXT. STADIUM DECK - SECONDS LATER

Packed with people. Greg runs up the stairs, looks around, then spies A BANK OF PAYPHONES. Pam's in one, facing away.

INT. PAYPHONE BOOTH - SECOND LATER

Pam, cupping an ear, nods and hangs up the phone. And as Greg strides up, determined, ready to do this... She spins, her face like ash. Greg hits the brakes.

GREG
Honey, what's wrong?

PAM
It's Debbie...

GREG
Is she dead?

PAM
She's engaged.

GREG
What?

PAM
(huffs a smile, eyes wet)
Can you believe it? My baby sister's getting married.

She pushes by him and starts walking. Greg on her heels.

PAM
You know, it's perfect, really. Deb's always done everything my parents have ever wanted.

GREG
Who's she marrying? That guy?

PAM
Yes, Bob. "Doctor" Bob of Denver…

GREG
But they just met. She's known him what, five, maybe six months?

PAM
What's it matter? He asked and she said yes. Actually, he asked my Dad, he said yes, and then he asked Debbie…

GREG
He had to ask your Dad's permission?

PAM
Of course, otherwise Dad would freak. They're getting married there, too. At my parents house, in two weeks.

GREG
At your parents? In two weeks?

PAM
Dr. Bob has to start his residency. He's transferring to NYU next month.

They reach the top of their aisle. Pam stops, turns.

PAM (cont'd)
Can we please not talk about this? I just want to watch the damn game.

Greg nods and smiles, wan. The moment's dead.

GREG
Sure…

Pam turns and starts down the aisle. Greg sighs, opens his fist, and eyes the ring. He was *so* close. He pockets it, pulls out a Camel, lights up, and there's a SQUEAL as--
A WOMAN runs, arms out, toward her beer-buying BOYFRIEND.

WOMAN
I saw it, baby! Yes! YES.

BUZZED BOYFRIEND
Pam-- woah, whazzup...?

WOMAN ("PAM")
We're getting married, everybody!

She covers him with kisses as the Crowd around them CHEERS.

BUZZED BOYFRIEND
We are? That's cool...

They kiss to more cheers, and as Greg watches, pained...

INT. O'HARE INT'L. AIRPORT - DAY

Twelve days later. Greg and Pam walk the crowded terminal.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Attention please, Flight 531 to LaGuardia, now boarding, Gate 17...

PAM
That's our flight. You nervous?

GREG
A little. But I'll drink a lot, hold on tight, and hopefully if something tragic happens, we'll both walk away.

PAM
I meant about meeting my parents...

GREG
Yeah, me too.

He grins, winks. As they stop at the Metal Detector line...

PAM
Greg... you're not really worried about this weekend, are you?

GREG
No... I mean, this weekend's not really about me. It's about the wedding, and Debbie and Dr. Bob.

She passes through the detector, Greg waiting his turn.

GREG (cont'd)
Which is great, because this way I can show up, meet everybody, have fun and just... stay under the radar.

BEEEEEEP!! Greg sets off the ALARM. Heads jerk, people stare, and a large, no-neck SECURITY GUY approaches him.

SECURITY GUY
Step aside sir and empty your pockets into the tray.

GREG
(sees Pam is watching)
I... can't do that right now.

SECURITY GUY
(pulls out magnetic wand)
Spread your arms and legs, sir.

GREG
Is this really necessary? It's not like I said I've got a bomb or—
(catching himself)
--jacket, a bomber jacket, y'know, like Indiana Jones wears...

Greg winces, amazed by his lameness. The "wand" BEEPS as it passes over his pants pocket. Pam calls over to him...

PAM
Greg, honey, everything okay?

GREG
Fine, yeah. Go on, I'll catch up.

PAM
That's okay, I can wait.

GREG
(sotto, to Security Guy)
Look, help me out here. That piece of metal in my pants, it's jewelry...

SECURITY GUY
Scrotum ring.

GREG
What? No-- it's an *engagement* ring, for my girlfriend, and she's right over there, so if I whip it out--

SECURITY GUY
Turn your back, let me see it, then put it in your bag and on the belt.

Greg does just that, zipping the box into a bag side-pocket and placing it on X-Ray conveyer belt. Another wand-check...

SECURITY GUY
He's clear.

...And Greg steps through, just in time to watch a SECURITY WOMAN try to fit his bag in a carry-on-maximum-size-frame.

SECURITY WOMAN
But his bag's too big for carry-on.
(slides bag to a SkyCap)
531 to New York LaGuardia. Check it.

The SKYCAP hands Greg a claim-check. As he stares, stunned...

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - LAGUARDIA - 3 HOURS LATER

...Greg and Pam stand alone under a "Welcome To New York" sign, watching the chute of a now-empty carousel. And as "Flt. 531" on the display flips to the next flight number...

GREG
SHIT.

INT. "LOST LUGGAGE" COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Greg strides up to the lone LADY CLERK, who's just handed a claim form to the MOTHER of a gurgling INFANT.

GREG
Hi, you lost my bag and there was a two-carat diamond ring inside.

CLERK
Sir, I didn't lose your anything. But fill out a form and if we can't find it we will compensate up to $1,200.

The baby SCREECHES in Greg's ear.

GREG
What? The ring cost three times that!

CLERK
I'm sure it did, sir, which is why we urge all fliers to carry on valuables.

GREG
Yeah, well, I <u>was</u> carrying it until your damn airline made me <u>check</u> it.
(desperation mode)
Look, I really need that bag. I'm here for a wedding and afterwards I'm going to propose to my girlfriend.

CLERK
Sir, put the address you're staying and we will ship it when it surfaces.

The baby's really cranky now-- crying, gasping, coughing. Mom tries burping him over her shoulder.

GREG (cont'd)
And what if it doesn't? Am I supposed to spend the entire weekend with just the clothes on my back?

GYAAAK! The baby PROJECTILE VOMITS all over Greg's shirt.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD LEAVING LAGUARDIA - LATER

A teal Ford Taurus slogs its way through heavy traffic.

INT. THE TAURUS

Greg drives, moping. His shirt now completely wet.

GREG
I still smell it. Smell it?

PAM
All I smell is Men's Room soap. And maybe a hint of strained squash.

GREG
I can't believe they lost my bag...

PAM
It'll turn up. And if doesn't, $1200 buys a lot of khaki Dockers.

GREG
It's not the money, it's the hassle. Haven't you ever lost a bag before?

PAM
No. But then, I've never checked one.

GREG
How is that possible? Every one has to check a bag eventually.

PAM
Not in my family. Dad never let us pack more than we could carry. He doesn't trust people with his... things.

GREG
They don't think it's weird, do they, that it's taken so long to meet them?

PAM
No. They know how busy we've both been. And it's not like Chicago to New York's a day trip. It's all fine. If anything, waiting this long has only made them want to meet you more.

GREG
Really…

PAM
You know every Sunday night, when my Dad calls? He asks me about you.

GREG
Oh yeah? And what've you told him?

PAM
Just that you're cute, filthy rich, and the best sex I've had since Dennis Rodman left Chicago.

GREG
Are you serious? That's *exactly* what I told my parents about <u>you</u>.

PAM
(laughs, then)
Oh, by the way. Once we're there, go easy on the jokes. Humor is entirely wasted on my parents.

GREG
Really? You crack wise all the time.

PAM
Not home I don't. There's no point since they never, ever get them.

GREG
No jokes, okay. What else? More hints, c'mon, keep 'em coming…

EXT. THE EASTBOUND L.I.E. - DAY - LATER

The Taurus bats along, the blue Atlantic now in the b.g.

GREG (O.S.)
D-I-N-A "Deena." "Deena Burns."

INT. THE TAURUS

GREG
(rhythmic)
Looks-like-Dinah-but-say-it-"Deena."

PAM
Right. And her friends call her Dee but don't because that'd be weird.

GREG
Hi, Dina. Hello, Jack. "John"?

PAM
Jack is fine. And everybody calls Dennis "Denny" but since he's 16 and you're not a rock star, supermodel, or a pornographic site on the internet, he probably won't even notice you.

GREG
Wait-- there's *porn* on the internet?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - LATER

The rental winds its way into Suburbia.

INT. TAURUS

PAM
Oh, and my Dad really likes games, so he'll probably bug us to play one.

GREG
Yippee. You know me and games.

PAM
I know, but be a sport. It'll just be Rummy or Scrabble or something. And try to be tidy this weekend. My parents are incredibly anal.

GREG
Scrabble, anal, "Dee-na"... God, I hope I can remember all this.

PAM
Be glad you're not in the wedding party-- Dad's gonna run us ragged tomorrow. There's a family brunch, tux and dress fittings, a barbecue...

GREG
Why's your *Dad* planning everything? I mean, usually the Mom is the one...

PAM
Dad always runs the show. He has to-- he can't relax if someone else does it because he knows he can do it better.

GREG
Guess a man who wrote for Encyclopedia Britannica needs things to be exact. I can't wait to talk him about that. All the amazing things he must know...

Pam nods, but looks uncomfortable.

GREG
What…

PAM
My Dad worked for the CIA.

GREG
What?

PAM
For 30 years. He retired last Spring, we think. Dad won't really say.

GREG
Your Dad was a… spy? How come you never told me this?

PAM
I couldn't. After he told us, he made us promise not to tell anyone he didn't know personally. So you can't tell him I told you, okay? I'm sure he'll tell you when the time's right…

GREG
Wow. Think he killed people?

PAM
Mmm… I'm not sure. He mostly worked Internal Security. Interviewing new officers, evaluating old ones. In fact, they nicknamed him "Santa" since he could always tell who'd been naughty, and who'd been nice…

GREG
(only half-joking)
Woah. Guess I better watch out. Better not cry…

PAM
Greg, please. I didn't tell you all this to make you paranoid…

GREG
I'm not paranoid. Why should I be? What does Santa care about a jew?

Pam shakes her head, laughs. Greg too. Looking paranoid.

EXT. THE BURNS HOME - BAYPORT, L.I. - SECONDS LATER

An idyllic colonial. Two stories, white with black shutters, a perfect lawn. Pure Americana.

GREG (O.S.)
Wow, this is where you grew up? Who painted your house, Norman Rockwell?

The Taurus turns into the drive on the side of the house and parks, next to the garage and the large backyard lawn. Greg and Pam get out, Greg popping the trunk and getting Pam's bag. He slams the trunk, goes to pocket the key…

GREG
Guess I better leave these here.

…and pulls out a half-smoked PACK OF CAMELS. Pam wigs.

PAM
Greg-- you brought cigarettes? We discussed this-- my parents see smoking as a sign of weakness.

GREG
I know-- I brought 'em for the trip back. I'll leave 'em in the car…

PAM
I don't want you to leave them in the car. It's too tempting. Here…

Greg sighs, hands 'em over. Pam looks around for a trash can, finds none, so she whirls and HUCKS 'em high up onto…

EXT. THE HOME'S ROOFTOP

…where they land and slide down some shingles before stopping in a leaf-clogged gutter beside a big elm tree.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

GREG
Gonna be a long weekend…

PAM
It's going to be a great weekend. You're going to meet my family and they're going to love you just like I love you, okay sweety-peaty?
(walks up, little kiss)
I know they will.

EXT. BURNS HOME - FRONT PORCH - SECONDS LATER

The door flies open to reveal JACK AND DINA BURNS. Jack's in his 50's but hardly looks it. Dina is similarly attractive and both sport huge, welcoming smiles. Immediately, Jack and Pam rush to one another, arms wide.

JACK/PAM
Hey Sweet-Pea!/Daddy!

They meet at the steps and embrace, Pam pulling her legs up behind her as Jack hugs her and eskimo-kisses her nose.

JACK
Oh, baby, I missed you, Pam-Cake.

PAM
Missed you too, Flap-Jack.

They giggle like kids, Dina "cutting in" to give Pam a peck on the cheek (then licking a finger to wipe off her lipstick) as Jack heads for Greg, smiling big, hand out.

JACK
Greg? Or do you prefer Gregory?
Jack Burns, Pam's Father.

GREG
Hi Jack. Great to finally meet you.

Greg extends a hand and they shake. Dina steps down.

DINA
Hello, Greg. Welcome to Bayport.

GREG
Thanks, Dinah. Dee-na, darn--
(chagrined, to Pam)
Saw that one coming, didn't we.

DINA
Don't worry, happens all the time.

JACK
(looks to driveway)
So, what're you driving there? Ford?

GREG
Yeah, the new Taurus. We were going to rent a mid-size but I figured hey, I'm pulling down decent bucks, why not pop for a full-size car?

Pam shoots him a smile, knows he's trying too hard.

JACK
Interesting color. You pick it?

GREG
Oh, no, it's just what the Hertz guy gave me. It's some kind of... green.

JACK
They say geniuses pick green.

DINA
What smells like old, sour milk?

PAM
Oh, Greg got spit-up on by a baby.

DINA
He didn't.

PAM
Yeah, Mom, he did.

GREG
At the "Lost Luggage" counter...

PAM
The airline lost Greg's bag.

DINA
They didn't.

PAM
Yeah, Mom, they did.

JACK
Well, you check your bag you take your chances. The airlines have gone to hell since deregulation.

DINA
I'm sure it'll turn up. Meantime Greg, if you need anything, just ask.

JACK
(throws an arm around Greg)
That's right. Mi casa es su casa.

GREG
Thanks, Jack. You too.

He squints, realizing that made no sense.

JACK
(ushering them in)
Well, check your feet everybody and c'mon in. We'll have some drinks, a little snack-- Dee's got a tray full of *pu-pu's* browning in the oven...

DINA
Pu-pu's, Greg, if you're wondering, is Hawaiian for "hors d'ouevre."

GREG
Which, I guess, is French for "pretentious snack."

DINA
(smiles at Greg, impressed)
You know, I never knew that?

PAM
(shoots Greg a look)
Mom, he was making a joke...

DINA
Oh, I see. Yes, that's funny.

And as Jack slams the door shut behind them...

INT. BURNS HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

...a PERSIAN CAT runs over, Jack scooping him up.

JACK
Jinxy! Hey buddy! How's my pal?

Jack puts his face right up to the cat's face, mirroring Jinxy's expression as they both being to "mew."

JACK
Mew-mew-mew... Look Jinxy, your sister's here, Pammy's home.

PAM
Greg, meet Mr. Jinx. Jinx, Greg.

GREG
Hi, Jinx.

JACK
(stroking Jinx's fur)
Greg-- Jinxy here's strictly an indoor cat, so don't let him out.

DINA
Jack just taught Jinx to use the potty.

PAM
You *did?* Dad, that's so weird...

JACK
What's weird about it? It's nice not having to smell a litter box.

GREG
Wait, you taught your <u>cat</u> to use the toilet? How'd you do that?

JACK
It was easy. I designed a litter box to fit inside the bowl, and once he got used to it, I took the box away.

DINA
Though I'm not sure Jinx likes it. Every chance he gets, he tries to dig, squat, and bury. We had to move all our potted plants outside...

PAM
Forget Jinx-- I'm not sure I like it. Sharing the bathroom with a cat...

GREG
Yeah, and now there's one more male in the house to leave the darn seat up.

JACK
Jinx can't lift the seat. He lacks the strength and the opposable thumbs.

GREG
(nods, as if enlightened)
Oh, that's right...

DINA
You a cat lover too, Greg?

PAM
No, Greg hates cats.

Whoops. Pam instantly shoots Greg a "sorry" look.

GREG
I, uh, wouldn't say I "hate" them. I'm just more of a dog lover...

JACK
You can love dogs and not hate cats.

GREG
That's... true, but I grew up around dogs and... I don't know, cats just seem to be more into themselves.
(as Jinx MEOWS)
See? Everything they say starts with "me."

Jinx HISSES at Greg and leaps from Jack's grasp, scampering up the stairs. Jack turns and hands Pam's bag to his wife.

JACK
Dina honey, run this bag upstairs while I fix the kids some hi-balls.

GREG
That's okay, Jack, I can take it--

Too late. Dina's heading upstairs, bag in hand.

PAM
Oh, and Mom? Could you grab a clean shirt from Denny's for Greg to wear?

DINA
Of course, dear. Be right back…

JACK
So, who's ready for a drink?

GREG
A drink sounds great, thanks.

PAM
You start start, I need a pit-stop. I haven't tinkled since Chicago…

She peels off for the hallway powderoom, Greg shooting her a "hurry back" look as Jack steers him to the kitchen.

JACK
So Greg, what're you drinking? I got beer, wine, hard stuff…

GREG
A beer sounds good.

JACK
Denny's at a friend's, so it'll just be the four of us tonight. And I guess you know Deb and Bob are still in Denver, visiting his relatives…

INT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JACK (cont'd)
You like Bud, Coors, Becks, Hatuey…?

GREG
Hatuey. That's a Cuban beer, right?

Jack pulls a pair of frosted-mugs from the freezer.

JACK
Right. When were you there?

GREG
Sorry?

JACK
When were you in Cuba, drinking beer?

GREG
Oh-- I wasn't. No, see, my old roomie in college had this huge beer collection and I remember he had Hatuey, but he only had one bottle since it was so hard to get. I always wondered how it tasted…

Jack opens the fridge to reveal a lone sixer of Bud.

JACK
Gosh, what do you know? I'm fresh out of Hatuey. How 'bout a Bud?

He grabs two, shuts the fridge, starts to pour…

JACK
Beer collection. Y'know, I collect things, too? C'mon, I'll show you.

INT. JACK'S DEN/OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

A wood paneled room, full of bookshelves, big cherry-wood desk, cluttered shelves, and walls full of framed photos.

A leather chair and matching sofa-bed line one wall, a small bathroom another, right beside a door that leads to the home's screened back porch.

Greg, beer in hand, watches as Jack unlocks the latch of an accordion-style vinyl door and slides it back to reveal a niche in the wall, the size of a walk-in closet.

And as Jack flips a light on, Greg gapes. It's not so much a collection as a SHRINE. To the C.I.A.

A large, enamel SEAL OF THE C.I.A. hangs front and center, flanked by a framed portrait of (Former Agency Head) William Colby and a PLAQUE bearing the C.I.A Creed: "You Shall Know The Truth and The Truth Shall Set You Free."

GREG
Wow…

JACK
Some guys have trains, or stamps. I collect intelligence memorabilia.

He flips another switch and illuminates glass cases and shelves displaying 50-plus years of Cold War Gadgetry. Cypher Machines, Listening Devices, Various "concealed" weapons-- e.g. a briefcase rifle and a walking cane with a hidden dagger handle. Another wall has a trio of framed "data printouts" alongside photos of three infamous SPIES.

GREG
Are those, what's the word… polygrams?

JACK
Polygraphs, right. And those aren't copies-- they're original read-outs.
(pointing to print-outs)
That's Alger Hiss, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Aldrich Ames… and the very data that sealed their fate.

GREG
Hey Jack, just how accurate is your average polygram? Because I've heard people say they're really not. That, y'know, people can beat them.

JACK
(smiles, amused)
You've "heard that", huh? In truth, it's extremely hard to fool a reliable machine and an experienced case officer. Let me show you why.

He gestures to a chair, and as Greg takes a seat Jack opens a drawer to reveal a POLYGRAPH MACHINE. And while the majority of Jack's collection is "vintage", this particular piece looks state-of-the-art, and barely used.

JACK (cont'd)
An Agency-sanctioned model like this measures response on three levels.

He holds up what looks like a blood-pressure cuff…

JACK (cont'd)
It has a cuff to gauge your Cardio…

…and casually velcros it around Greg's left arm.

GREG
Oh hey. Just like the blood pressure cuffs we use in the hospital…

Jack pulls out a larger strap/belt with two outputs.

JACK
It has two sets of "pneumos" to read and record respiratory activity…

He slips the belt around Greg's torso and cinches it.

GREG
Wow. That'll make you nervous.

JACK
And these thimbles on your fingertips will chart Galvanic Skin Response...

GREG
(as Jack slides them on)
You mean like sweat.

JACK
More than sweat. Neuro-chemical reactions, in and under the skin.

He flips the machine on, its console lighting up and five "pens" centering on five lines of the graph paper, which starts to roll, the pens marking an initial base reading.

JACK (cont'd)
So with this many bases covered, you can see it's not an easy tool to fool.

GREG
Oh, definitely...

JACK
Pam tell you I was in the CIA?

GREG
What?

ON THE GRAPH-- all five pens skate across the paper.

JACK
The CIA. I retired last year.

GREG
No kidding. Wow, congratulations.

He glances at his richter-response to Question One. Shit.

JACK
She didn't mention that, huh?

GREG
What? That you were retired?
(as pens spike again)
YES, yes, she did mention that. She definitely said you were retired.

JACK
From the CIA...

GREG
(knows he's fucked, so...)
OUCH. Jack? OW. Can we turn this thing off? I think the cardio cuff seam's right on my bicipital artery.

JACK
(undoing cuff)
Oh, jeez, I'm sorry. Maybe I didn't put it on right…

GREG
(unstrapping pneumos)
No, I'm sure you did, it's just, I have a low threshold for pain…
(pulling off GSR thimbles)
But thank you for showing me that. It's really an amazing machine.

JACK
Yes it is. People who know will tell you, the polygraph is the single most important tool in the perpetual fight against the evils of penetration.

He flips the machine off, then the shrine's lights, and they step out, shutting the accordion door behind them.

JACK
Let's find Pam and see what's keeping Dee. Whaddya bet she made a pit-stop?

GREG
All I know is, I can smell her pu-pu's and I bet they're brown.

JACK
What?

GREG
Dina's hors d'ouevres? In the oven?

The OVEN TIMER sounds upstairs, Greg saved by the buzzer.

JACK
Oh-- the snacks. Jesus, I give her one little thing to do…
(turns, heads for kitchen)
Dina?! The Pu-Pu's honey, let's go!
(whirls back to Greg)
C'mon, Greg. It's Happy Hour.

INT. BURNS' HOME "GREAT ROOM" - MOMENTS LATER

Take a Family Room, remodel it, and suddenly it's "Great." This particular G.R. is open to the kitchen, and also features a large SCREENED PORCH overlooking the backyard.

BY THE ENTERTAINMENT CENTER - Jack flips through a highly-organized (alphanumeric, and by theme) CD RACK until he finds the appropriate disk, "MUSIC FOR COCKTAILS," while…

IN THE KITCHEN - Dina arranges a pu-pu platter, and…

ON THE BACK PORCH - Greg and Pam stand at the railing, enjoying a view of the lush and spacious Burns backyard.

Greg looks anxious. Even more so considering he is now wearing Denny's "INSANE CLOWN POSSE" t-shirt featuring a pair of bloody-fanged Bozos atop a flaming pentagram.

GREG
…next thing I know, I'm all hooked up and he's asking me questions…

PAM
What kind of questions?

GREG
Like did I know he was in the CIA?

PAM
No. What'd you say?

GREG
Nothing, I lied.

PAM
You lied? Greg--

JACK
(calling, heading for bar)
Happy hour, kids! Come'n'get happy.

PAM
(calling back)
In a second, Daddy.
(to Greg, concerned)
You lied to my Father's polygraph…?

GREG
I didn't know what else to do. You told me not to tell him you told me and now your Dad thinks I'm a liar…

PAM
(sighs, then, consoling)
Look, don't worry, he shows that stupid polygraph to everyone-- it's like a toy to him. Believe me, if Dad wanted to pick your brain, he wouldn't need a machine. He is one.
(turning to head inside)
He was a spy for 30 years, he knows every trick there is. How to read pupils, or measure fear by how your breath smells, or The Three Questions…

GREG
What's that-- what's Three Questions.

PAM
A profiling technique. They ask you three questions in a row. If you only answer the first two, it won't work. But if you answer the third, that's it. They somehow know all about you...
(beat, opens screen door)
My Dad explained it to me once, but I didn't really get it. Look, just try to relax, okay? They like you...

INT. THE GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They step back inside, Jack now standing at the wet-bar.

JACK
Pamcake, I made you a spritzer.

PAM
Good call, Pop. Thanks.

JACK
Greg-- how 'bout another drink?

GREG
Sure, Jack.

JACK
What'll you have?

GREG
Oh, whatever you're having...

JACK
Tom Collins. How do you like it?

That's three. Greg shoots a panicked look to Pam.

PAM
Pour him a stiff one, Daddy.
(sotto, to Greg)
Might loosen you up a bit...

JACK
(pouring the booze)
Greg, it might look I'm making it weak but I'm using Tom Collins Cubes.

He holds up an ice-cube tray filled with yellow-green "Collins" cubes, plopping them into a glass with vodka.

JACK (cont'd)
Using ice just dilutes your booze...

Dina walks over with a pu-pu platter (egg rolls, pizza rolls, bagel-bites), and as they all gather 'round… Pam smiles, happy this moment is finally here.

PAM
Well, this was long overdue. Toast?

JACK
Terrific idea, Pam. A toast, to the future Dr. and Mrs. Banks.

DINA
And a wonderful wedding and weekend.

They toast, Pam smiling despite this not being what she had in mind. And as all four "clink", drink, and sit…

GREG
So, Bob's last name is "Banks"?

DINA
Right, Dr. Robert Banks. Isn't it fantastic Deb can keep her initials?

JACK
Plus, now we can give them my Mother's monogrammed silver set…

PAM
(another dream dashed)
Wow, that's really generous. I've always loved Grandmother's silver…

JACK
Your Nana had taste. Love you, Ma.

He raises his glass to the fireplace mantel, where a PHOTO OF MOM hangs above an URN marked "Burns." The family joins him, Pam shooting Greg a "do it" look, and as they all sip…

DINA
You have a unique last name, Greg. We were curious how it's pronounced.

GREG
Just like it's spelled. F-O-C-K-E-R.

JACK AND DINA
"Focker."

GREG
Jahohl. Ich bein ein Focker.
(off their blank stares)
That's German. Focker's… German.

They nod. Pam, slightly horrified, switches subjects.

PAM
So Greg, how's your job?

GREG
(kinda confused she's asking)
…good, Pam. Thanks for asking.
(then, to parents)
I just got transferred to Triage.

DINA
(sits up, hopeful)
Oh, is that better than a nurse?

PAM
Mom, Triage is a unit in the E.R.
All the top nurses work Triage.

GREG
E.R. work is such an adrenaline rush.
I mean, on top of the high you get
naturally just from helping people…

DINA
You know, Jack's new career is
helping people, too. Honey, did you
show Greg your "Nanny Cams"?

JACK
Not yet. Sit tight, let me show you.

Jack's up now, heading for his TV/VCR.

JACK (cont'd)
I started a "home surveillance"
company. Larry's going in on it.

DINA
Larry is Bob's-- Debbie's Bob's--
father, and Linda's husband. Well,
third husband so I guess that makes
her Debbie's step-mom-in-law-to-be.

No one cares. Jack hits "Rewind" on the tape deck, and then plucks a big, dopey-looking TEDDY BEAR off a shelf.

JACK
Greg, what's this look like to you?

He tosses Greg the teddy. Greg looking slightly confused.

GREG
A… bear?

Jack flips on the TV, it flickers, and ON THE TV--
A B&W image of Greg appears-- *from the bear's P.O.V.*

JACK
Smile, you're on Nan-ny Cam-ra.

GREG
Oh wow, I've seen these on TV.
(laughs, to Pam)
Remember that dopey sitcom we were watching, and the couple rented one and forgot it was on--?

JACK
This is nothing like a sitcom, Greg. Inside this bear's head is the world's smallest pinhole, Zero-Lux camera with a 900 Mhz transmitter that sends to a lithium-powered VCR. It's state-of-the-art, all the way, custom-made by government contractors exclusively for my company.

GREG
(trying to recover)
Wow... 0-Lux and battery operated...

He flips the bear upside down, looking for the components. As he does, the bear's eyeball lens swings toward the sofa, where Dina's sitting, and...

ON THE TV NOW-- is a perfect panty-shot up Dina's skirt. Fortunately, all eyes are on Greg.

DINA
Did Jack tell you he's ex-C.I.A?

GREG
Yes, actually, he did mention that.

JACK
And that's not for broadcast. I may be retired, but I still know things that could end life as we know it.

GREG
Not to worry. I'm very discreet.

Greg looks up to see DINA'S CROTCH looming large on the TV screen. He yanks the bear up, before anyone notices.

DINA
I must say, it's been interesting being married to a spy. Sometimes Jack would leave at night and not say where he's going, or the phone would ring and he'd have to take it in another room and lock the door...

PAM
Not to mention how he'd spy on me and my dates.

JACK
Now, honey, I never "spied." "Observed" is more like it.

He shoots a wink at Greg.

PAM
Well Kevin and I got pretty tired of you "observing" us on the back porch.

JACK
Can't blame a man for wanting to know what goes on inside his own house. Greg-- my bear, please?
(as Greg tosses bear back)
Teddy here is our biggest rental, but we've got wall clocks, mirrors, smoke-alarms, and my latest-- a pinhole camera that fits *completely inside* an electrical outlet.

A nearby PHONE rings. Dina starts to rise...

DINA
I'll get it.

JACK
No, no, Dee. You sit and and enjoy your drink, I'm already up.

He gets up and starts for the kitchen. Greg brightens.

GREG
Hey, maybe it's the airline.

DINA
I'm sure it is. More pu-pus?

GREG
Thanks, but I'm pretty pu-pu'd out.

ACROSS THE ROOM-- is a desk, a corkboard full of wedding info (guest lists, seating charts, etc.) and a LAPTOP.

GREG (cont'd)
Nice laptop. What kind of chip?

DINA
Y'know, I don't know? I just finished typing Jack's itinerary for our super-busy weekend. I just need to proof.

GREG
Why don't you just let your computer proof it? It must have a spell-check.

DINA
It might, but I've never used it.

GREG
Oh. Well, I'm computer literate--

PAM
He's practically an expert.

GREG
--and I'd be glad to run it for you...

INT. KITCHEN

Jack shuts the swinging door behind him, grabs the phone.

JACK
Hello? Yeah, I barely beat her to the phone. (pause) If she ever does, you just hang up quick, okay?
(turns to watch door)
So when are we getting together? Yeah, I think I can swing it. How 'bout outside the Buy-Rite? Good.

He takes the bottle of Buy-Rite Collins mix from the counter and starts pouring it down the sink.

JACK (cont'd)
I'm excited too. See you in a bit.

INT. GREAT ROOM - IN DINA'S "OFFICE"

Greg's at the laptop, Pam and Dina standing behind him.

GREG
"No misspelled words found." How about that? Looks like you're a letter-perfect typist, Dina.

Jack re-enters from the kitchen.

DINA
Was it the airline, honey?

JACK
What? No, wrong number.
(holds up empty bottle)
And we're out of Collins Mix. I'm gonna make a run to the Buy-Rite.

GREG
Jack, mind if I tag along? I just realized if my bag doesn't come by tonight I'll need a few essentials.

JACK
I'm sure it'll come. Airlines have never been sharper. Stay. Relax.

PAM
Oh Greg? Can you pick me up a scrunchy? I forgot to pack one.

JACK
Honey, Buy-Rite has no scrunchies.
(then, backing off)
I mean, they didn't last I looked.

PAM
Whey were you looking for a scrunchy?

JACK
(changes tack, gaslighting)
I wasn't looking for kim-chee, dear, why on Earth would I want that?

GREG
"Kim-chee"? The Korean sauerkraut?

PAM
Not kim-chee, Dad. A *scrunchy*.

JACK
Ohhhh, well they might have that. You coming Greg? If so, let's go.

He jangles his car-keys and heads off down the hall.

GREG
Be right back…

He turns and follows Jack. A beaming Dina turns to Pam.

DINA
Oh Pam, he seems wonderful.

PAM
He is, Mom. He's <u>such</u> a great guy.

DINA
And you two have been together almost a year now. Have you been thinking about anything… permanent?

PAM
Well… Greg and I haven't exactly discussed it but-- yes, I'd say we're absolutely thinking "permanent."

And as the two women give a little squeal, and embrace…

INT. JACK'S 1998 BUICK - ROLLING THROUGH SUBURBIA - DAY

They ride in deafening silence, Greg subtly struggling to strike up a conversation. Finally…

GREG
Car rides smooth.

JACK
Big day Saturday.

JACK
This little to-do's gonna set me back 20 g's. We're expecting two hundred.

GREG
Two hundred? That's great considering the short notice.

JACK
Yeah, it's been tricky with a three-week engagement but you know, when it's right, you don't need time to think about it. Dina and I married two months after we met, and next month is our 25th anniversary…

GREG
Twenty-five. Congratulations.

JACK
I was a lucky man the day I met Dina…

GREG
That's kind of the way I feel about Pam. In fact, I'm glad we have a moment to talk here, Jack, because--

JACK
How come you don't like cats?

GREG
(beat, taken aback)
It's… not that I don't like them. I just happen to prefer dogs more.
(continues, off Jack's stare)
Because I think it's nice, y'know, to come home and they're there, wagging their li'l tail, all happy to see you…

JACK
You need that assurance, do you? You prefer an emotionally… shallow animal.

GREG
I…

JACK
See Greg, if you yell at a dog, his ears will go down and his tail will covers his genitals even if he's done nothing wrong. It's very easy to break a dog. But cats make you work for their affection. You can scold or threaten a feline and never know if you're getting through because a cat protects its pride. Cats don't "sell out" like dogs do.

GREG
Huh. Maybe I was wrong about cats.

JACK
And a cat won't kiss your ass for acceptance.
(hitting play on CD)
You like Peter, Paul, and Mary?

Greg hesitates, not sure whether to be honest or to kiss Jack's ass for acceptance. *Puff the Magic Dragon* comes on.

GREG
Sure. "Puff the Magic Dragon." You know I actually wrote a paper about this song back in college? About how it's, y'know, about weed…

JACK
What?

This is clearly news to Jack. But Greg's committed, so…

GREG
That "puff the magic dragon" meant to light up, take a hit. And to bury that in a kiddy sing-a-long song-- man, that took some guts.

JACK
But… "Puff" was just the name of the boy's magical dragon.
(ejects CD, turns and stares)
Are you a pothead, Greg?

GREG
What? No! I mean, sure, I've had offers, who hasn't, but believe me, I just say no. I pass on grass. I strongly agree with the late Mr. T. when he said "Dope is for dopes."

Jack stares, then gives a little nod, as if convinced, but it's clear he is not. And as Greg slumps in his seat...

JACK
Mr. T's not dead.

EXT. BUY-RITE SUPERSTORE - DAY

Greg and Jack walk by some some coin-operated KIDDY RIDES and FUN-HOUSE MIRRORS enroute to the sliding front doors.

JACK
Meet you back out front.

INT. BUY-RITE

Greg turns one way, Jack the other. Then, a few seconds later, Jack returns and slips out the entrance.

DOWN AN AISLE-- Greg passes a shelf of Kim-Chee before heading for the Pharmacy area, where he finds a sign: *"ALL NICOTINE PATCHES ON SALE"* above an empty shelf. He turns to a CLERK at the nearby pharmacy register.

GREG
Do you have more nicotine patches?

CLERK
No. We have the gum. You chew it.

He points to a shelf of *Nicorette Gum*. Greg takes a box.

GREG
Oh, and what's the most expensive of champagne you sell?

CLERK
Korbel. On sale for $8.99.

He points to a nearby Korbel display. Greg walks over, grabs a bottle, and then he suddenly stops, and stares...

GREG'S POV: Jack's in the parking lot, heading for a WOMAN and her idling Lexus. She's blonde, 40's, built, and as she gets out of the car, and she and Jack HUG...

GREG
Can you ring me up here?

EXT. BUY-RITE PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER

The woman, CAROL, dangles a KEY in Jack's smiling face.

CAROL
Here, Johnny. One key to romance.

JACK
(taking key)
I can hardly wait…

IN FRONT OF THE STORE - BY THE KIDDY RIDES

Greg's behind a pillar by a NEWSRACK, close enough to hear.

CAROL
You're sure Dee doesn't suspect?

JACK
She has no clue. And next week, after the wedding, I'll find the right time to tell her, and we can stop sneaking around like this.

CAROL
Hey, sneaking's half the fun…

JACK
Call me if you need me. Bye Carol.

A quick peck and she's back in her Lexus, pulling away. But as she passes the pillar, Jack spies something… A two-foot-tall, three-foot-wide GREG, seen from behind.

JACK
Focker?

BEHIND THE PILLAR-- Greg's confused-- how was he spotted? Then he spins and sees a short, fat Jack coming his way. *The fun-house mirrors.* Lightning fast, Greg puts his bag down and grabs a magazine from atop the newsrack. And as he hides his face behind an issue of "PARENTING" magazine…

JACK
Greg?

Greg whips it down, smiling as if nothing's happened.

GREG
Oh, hey Jack. Ready to go?

JACK
(eyeing him, wary)
Been ready, they were out of Collins. You waiting here long?

GREG
No, I was just reading up about--

He randomnly flips it open to a full-page AD for (aw, no)…

GREG
--pumps.

JACK
Pumps.

GREG
Breast pumps, for… pumping breasts.
(off Jack's look)
I grew up on a farm.

Jack nods, wary, then turns and heads for the Buick. And as Greg chucks the magazine aside, grabs his bag, and follows…

INT. BURNS HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mmmm. Picture-perfect pot roast, steamy, fluffy potatoes, buttery vegetables, candied yams, smoking-hot rolls. Nice.

GREG
Dina, everything looks… fabulous.

DINA
Actually, Jack prepared everything. All I did was heat'n'serve.

JACK
This was always Pam's favorite dinner growing up. Hope it's as good as you remember, sweet-pea.

PAM
(touched)
Dad, don't make me cry over pot roast…

They touch hands across Greg's plate. A beat, and…

JACK
So, who wants to say "Grace"?

DINA
Oh Jack, you always ask but then it always winds up being you.

JACK
Not always. How about it, Greg?

GREG
Thanks, but… I've never done it.

JACK
Never said "Grace." Interesting.
Well, would you like to try?

GREG
(looks to Pam, then)
Sure, I could give it a shot.

JACK
Terrific. Let us pray.

Jack and Dina shut their eyes and bow their heads. Pam shoots an encouraging look to Greg, then they do the same.

GREG
Our Father... who art in Heaven... thank you for this food, and bless those who made this fine meal possible...

He cracks an eye, wondering if it's enough. Dina and Pam's eyes are still shut, but Jack's are wide open, staring at him, expectantly. So Greg shuts his eye again, keeps going.

GREG (cont'd)
Bless the butcher, and the baker, and the... candied-yam maker...

Pam cracks an eye, the one closest to Greg...

GREG (O.S.)
And God bless the beasts... and the children... and yourself, God...

...then shuts it again, too pained to watch.

GREG
...for creating all that we eat, amen.

PAM/DINA/JACK
Amen.

They open their eyes, Pam shooting Greg a "what were you thinking?" look before Jack picks up the meat platter...

JACK
Very nice, Greg. Dig in, people.

...and the food is passed, dinner getting under way.

GREG
Mmmm... y'know, I can't remember the last time I had a real sit-down, home-cooked, family dinner like this.

JACK
Maybe back growing up on the farm.

PAM
(squints, confused)
I thought you grew up in Detroit.

DINA
Does Detroit have many farms?

GREG
Not... really, but our house was big, and red, and... we had a lot of pets.

JACK
Which one did you milk?

PAM
(disgusted)
Dad--

JACK
Honey, he said he'd pumped milk.

PAM
What have you ever milked?

UNDER THE TABLE NOW-- Jinx brushes against Greg's shin.

GREG
A... cat, actually. My sister's cat had kittens and I got bored one day and so I kind of... milked her.

DINA
I didn't know you could milk a cat.

GREG
You can milk anything with nipples.

JACK
I have nipples. Could you milk me?

PAM
Dad--

JACK
What? I'm just curious.

GREG
Uh... sure, Jack. I guess I could. Men are fully capable of lactation.

JACK
Huh. Learn something new everyday...

PAM
Can we move on now? To something not about men's nipples, or milk?

There's a beat as they consider another topic. Then...

DINA
So, Greg? How do you like nursing?

INT. DOWNSTAIRS POWDER ROOM - LATER

An anxious Greg pops the last piece of Nicorette from its packet and adds it to A PILE on the counter. Then he starts destroying evidence, tearing the box into strips.

PAM (O.S., THROUGH DOOR)
Honey, we're starting.

GREG
Okay, babe. Be right out...

He turns, drops the paper into the bowl, flushes...

PAM(O.S.)
Oh, and Dad says go easy on the paper. We're on a septic tank here.

...Greg eyes the bowl. IT'S CLOGGING, water rising fast.

GREG
Oh God, oh no...

He pulls the tiny shag rug away, yanks the lid off the top of the tank and plunges an arm in, hoping to shut the flapper. No luck. And as the water reaches the brim and Greg steps back, mortified, to await the ensuing flood...

SSKKWWOO... the clog (mercifully) bursts, the water swirling, dropping and disappearing with a GURGLE. A beat, and...

Greg sags, relieved, pops a HANDFUL OF GUM, then chews and sighs, feeling the rush, relaxing for the first time today...

INT. GREAT ROOM

SCRABBLE. Pam eyes her tiles and the board, contemplating her next move, as beside her, Greg does the same, anxiously chewing and nervously bouncing a knee-- *wired on the gum*.

Across from them-- Jack watches the board and snacks on dessert-- a plate of homemade cookies-- while Dina works busily filling out a stack of WEDDING GUEST PLACECARDS.

JACK
Greg, you can always just "pass."

GREG
(looks up, flustered)
Oh, is it my turn? God, I'm sorry.

And as he shuffles his tiles around, racking his brain…

PAM
Mom? Can I help you with those?

DINA
No thanks, sweety. Your Dad wants all the handwriting to match.

GREG
Anal.

Pam turns, freaked. But then she sees Greg's just spelled "anal" on the board. He looks up, reads her expression.

GREG
What? That's a word.

PAM
I know it's a word. It's just…

JACK
…pretty B-A-D. What's with these words, Focker? "Anal", "bee" "hat"? Can't be monosyllabic if you want to beat the Scrabblin' Burns of Bayport…

GREG
Uh, okay, thanks for the tip. I mean… *sug-ges-tion.*

He smiles, nods, shoots an "I hate games" look to Pam, then pulls three new tiles and slides them onto his wooden tile-holder. Dina's turn now. She builds on a "j".

DINA
"Jaialai."
(oddly apologetic, to all)
Sorry, I had all those a's. Go Pam.

And as Dina marks her score down and pulls more tiles… Pam eyes the board, then sees Greg pop another Nicorette.

PAM
Hey, gum. I want some.

GREG
No! I mean… sorry, last piece.

PAM
Oh. Well, thanks for sharing. And for remembering to get my scrunchy.

GREG
The champagne! Shoot, I forgot, it's still chilling in the kitchen.

And as he gets up and heads for the kitchen...

JACK
Why are we having champagne again?

PAM
Because, Dad-- Greg wanted to buy a little gift. It's a gesture.

And as she plays her turn, Greg breezes back with an icy bottle of Brut, four glasses, and a dinner napkin draped on his wrist. He circles the table, placing the glasses.

GREG
Sorry for holding up the game.

Jack shoots Greg a look, building on an "I".

JACK
Intruder. Go, Greg.

GREG
Right after I pop the bubbly, Jack.

And as he wraps the bottle in a linen dinner napkin...

DINA
Pam, did you hear how Doctor Bob proposed? They went to eat at their favorite restaurant and he slipped the ring into Deb's glass of champagne...

PAM
That's so sweet. And just the right touch. I can't stand it when people make a production out of it, like buying a billboard or something. If you have to try that hard...

Greg eagerly "presents" the bottle, label-out, waiter-style. As Jack nods, polite but totally indifferent...

PAM (cont'd)
Her ring nice? Can't wait to see it.

JACK
Oh, you've seen it.

PAM
Dad, how could I have seen it? I haven't been home for months.

JACK
Well, you haven't seen the *exact* ring, but it's the identical design and size of the one Kevin gave you.

GREG
Kevin? Your old boyfriend?

PAM
Thanks, Dad.

JACK
What? You never told him?

GREG
Pam, why did Kevin give you a ring?

JACK
Because that's what people do, Greg. When they get engaged.

BAM! THE CORK ROCKETS ACROSS THE ROOM, heading right for-- The NAIL holding Grandma Burns' PHOTO on the wall. WHAM! The frame swings, falls, and KNOCKS THE URN FROM THE SHELF, dumping Grandma Burns to the carpet with a dusty THUD.

JACK
MOM--!

JINX bolts from under the table, racing to the big patch of ash, and as he quickly scratches a hole...

JACK
NOOOOOooooo...!!

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - LATER (NIGHT)

Greg, shirtless, leans over the sink, throwing water on his face as Pam, in the adjacent bedroom, unpacks her suitcase on the bed. And as Greg finishes, starts drying his face...

INT. PAM'S ADJACENT BEDROOM (NOW A GUEST ROOM) - SAME

PAM
Greg, honey, how're you doing?

GREG
(entering from bathroom)
Surprisingly well, considering I desecrated your Grandma's cremains, found out you were engaged, and had your Father call me monosyllabic. But at least, back then, he was still talking to me…

He sits on the bed, depressed. Pam sits beside him.

PAM
He's not not-talking to you. He just needs a little time to… grieve.

Greg nods, resigned. But still bothered.

GREG
Pam, how come you never told me? I never knew you two were that close…

PAM
Who, Daddy and me?

GREG
Kevin and you.

PAM
Greg, do we have to know everything about our pasts? You never told me about your cat-milking days in Motown.

GREG
That was a long time ago.

PAM
Well so was this. We were engaged a month, I returned the ring, moved to Chicago, and met you, end of story. Can we please not fight about it?

GREG
Okay, all right, we can drop it… God, am I totally blowing it here?

PAM
Of course not. You're a great guy. And hopefully my parents will see that, and… grow to love you too.

GREG
They will, Pam. I promise.

He pulls her close, and as they hug and swap little kisses…

GREG
(eyes his tenting crotch)
And speaking of *growing* to love you.

PAM
Honey, c'mon. It's late…

GREG
I know that, but "he" doesn't. And you know there's really only one sure-fire way to make him go away…

JACK (O.S., THROUGH DOOR)
Greg, can I talk to you please?

GREG
…and that's it.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Greg steps out, wearing Pam's jade Victoria's Secret robe. Jack stands a few feet away, in the dimly-lit hallway, Dina a few feet behind him in the master bedroom doorway.

GREG
Yes, Jack?

JACK
Look, I just wanted to say… don't worry about what happened tonight.

GREG
Thanks, but I still feel horrible…

JACK
Well, it was a horrible thing. But let me tell you something about my Mother. The woman loved to laugh…

DINA
She gave Jack his sense of humor.

JACK
…and I honestly believe, if she were with us today, instead of outside, in the bottom of a trash barrel, she'd have found what happened tonight to be hysterical. So let's put it behind us and enjoy our weekend together, okay?

He smiles and gives Greg a friendly clap on the back.

GREG
Okay, Jack. Thanks…

PAM
(peeking from her doorway)
Thank you, Daddy.

JACK
You're welcome, pumpkin. G'night.

Pam ducks back in her room, and as Greg turns to follow...

JACK
Oh, Greg? One more thing. I'm a realist. And I understand it's the 21st Century and that you and my daughter have probably had premarital relations, am I right?

GREG
(root canal)
That's... correct.

JACK
And I have no quarrel with that. But when you're under our roof, it's our rules. Is that understood?

GREG
Of course...

JACK
Good. Don't touch her for 72 hours.

DINA/JACK
'Night, Greg.

Jack turns and heads to bed with Dina, leaving Greg stunned...

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Picture Barbie's room. A pink canopy bed, floral wall-paper, just-sent wedding gifts, piled high. Greg stares.

GREG
Pam, c'mon. It's wall-to-wall estrogen. I'll wake up with tits.
(off her stare)
Seriously, I'd feel weird sleeping in Deb's bed-- I mean, she still lives here, there's all these gifts around... This whole thing is so ridiculous.

PAM
I agree, but you heard my Dad. Parents' house, parents' rules…
(as Greg mopes)
Don't take it personally, my parents are squares, they're Ward and June Cleaver. And they just don't think unmarried people should be "fornicating" under their roof.

GREG
(back turned, sotto)
Which is why Ward got a love-nest…

PAM
What?

GREG
Nothing. I just wish your Dad would trust us. And not be so… hung-up on the "evils of penetration."

PAM
Yuck. He didn't say that, did he?

GREG
Yeah. I mean, he was talking about communism, but he was looking at me.
(beat)
C'mon, Pamcake. Can't I sleep somewhere less personal and more… guesty?

INT. JACK'S DEN - DOWNSTAIRS - LATER

Pam pulls out the sofa-bed to reveal a wafer-like mattress. Greg sits on it, his expression less than thrilled.

PAM
Hey, you wanted "guesty."

As Pam starts to make the bed, Greg gets up and notices a series of PHOTOS on the wall. They're all Jinx, wearing outfits, e.g. a Santa cap, a Yankees cap, sunglasses, etc.

GREG
Your parents <u>really</u> need grandkids.

PAM
I'm sure Deb'll get right on it. Anyway, there's a bathroom here if you need it, but don't use the toilet because it never works right.

GREG
Gotcha.

PAM
And Greg, I know tomorrow Dad has a lot of plans for the wedding party, but I'm sure you could join us…

GREG
Thanks, but I think I'll stick to the original plan and lay low. Maybe take a drive, smoke a carton of Camels…

PAM
Ooooh, you know, I'd spank you right now if it didn't involve touching.

He blows her a kiss. She returns it, then lunges and gives him a quick, deep, kiss and butt-cupping before turning and leaving, not quite shutting the door. What a tease.

A beat, and Greg looks around. Next to the "shrine" and its accordion door is Jack's desk and phone. Greg pulls a business card from his wallet, goes to the phone, dials.

RECORDED VOICE
Sorry, the Lost Luggage Department is closed. Normal business hours are--

Greg hangs up, bummed, then spies a CIA-LOGO NOTEPAD by the phone. In red ink: "Fokker" *(sp?) Call CIA - Chicago"* Curious, Greg slides open the desk's top drawer…

IN THE DESK-- is a spiral-bound CIA MANUSCRIPT, heavily dog-eared: *"MANO-A-MANO: THE ART OF THE WEAPONLESS KILL."*

Greg takes a moment to ponder this, then puts it back, shuts the drawer, and slips out of Pam's robe to reveal red "boy-leg" *CK* briefs. He goes to a window, cracks it, and… Fresh air drifts in, along with the SOUND OF AN UPSTAIRS TV.

INT. JACK AND DINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Dina sit up in bed, their room lit TV blue.

JACK
She said that? She said "permanent."

DINA
"Absolutely permanent" to be exact.

JACK
Jesus, I just realized something. Pam's middle name, Martha…

He waits for it to dawn on her. They trade sullen looks.

JACK/DINA
Pamela Martha Focker.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME

Greg heads for the sofa-bed, pausing as he sees--
A shelf full of SPY-CAMS. Smoke alarms, clocks, teddy bears, and the prototype of the aforementioned Outlet-Cam.

He picks up the outlet cam, eyeing the mini RF transmitter on the back. Then he turns it back around, so it's facing him again, and as he puts an eye up to one of its holes--

A TOILET FLUSHES. Startled, Greg DROPS THE SPY-CAM. It hits the floor, the BACK BREAKING OFF. Greg gasps, spins--
And Mr. Jinx strolls around the cracked bathroom door.

GREG
Jesus.

Jinx meows and bolts out the den door. Greg catches his breath, then drops to the floor and picks up the broken outlet cam. He snaps it together best he can, places it back on the shelf, and as he turns back to the sofa-bed...

He checks out a wall of PHOTOS, the various MUSIC from the TV upstairs tenderly "underscoring" each picture. There's dozens of photos, but most are of Jack and Pam over the past 20-odd years, hugging, smiling, and generally looking happy. Then, to the strains of "Lollipops and Roses" (as Jack flips to a re-run of the Dating Game)...

Greg eyes another collage of photos of 20-ish Pam and a HANDSOME GUY. Hugging her on a beach. Laughing with Jack on the links. Holding a kitten-- Jinx. The last one is Pam, the Guy, and a cake. On the icing: *Happy B-Day Kevin.*

Greg eyes the photo, his face mirrored in the glass. Then he sighs, gets into bed, hits the light, and we... **FADE OUT.**

EXT. THE BURNS HOME - MORNING

Sun's up, another rental car in the driveway. Cadillac. Pam runs by it, back from a jog, and as she slides off her jogger fanny-pack and takes the front-steps two-at-a-time...

INT. THE DARKENED, DOWNSTAIRS DEN - LATER

Greg lies twisted in the sheets of the sofa-bed, his Calvins akimbo, showing cheek. SOUNDS drift in...
Dishes clanking, voices laughing. He sits up, rolls over, and squints two crusty eyes at a nearby wall-clock. 9:24

GREG
Shit.

INT. THE KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

The kitchen's ablaze in the bright morning sun, the table crowded shoulder-to-shoulder for a big family breakfast. Jack, Dina, and Pam are there, laughing and eating Belgian Waffles. Across from them, enjoying perfect omelets, are--

DEBBIE BURNS and BOB BANKS. They're handsome, wholesome, and sitting so close they look like Siamese-Twins.

Beside them (steeled oats, fresh fruit) are Bob's folks, LARRY AND LINDA BANKS-- fit, tan, coifed, and bubbling. Linda, it's clear, has been under the knife and looks 40.

LARRY
…and so I ask the man if it burns when he urinates, and he says "Beats me, I never tried to light it."

Everyone ROARS at Larry's anecdote. Jack eyes his watch.

JACK
Bob, when does Andy's flight land?

BOB
Y'know, I don't know? But he said he'd be here for breakfast…

Jinx jumps up on the table. Right in front of Jack.

JACK
Look who else is here for breakfast.

Jack grabs a pair of Jinx's whiskers and gives them a gentle tug, lifting Jinx's "lip", like a Ventroliquist.

JACK
(then, singing, "Feelings")
Felines. Nothing more than… felines.
Try-ing to for-get the…
Fe-lines I've loved…"

Jack'n'Jinx bring the house down, Jack hugging Jinx, cheek-to-cheek, then putting him down, Jinx brushing by… Greg, half-peeking around the doorway. Bob spies him.

BOB
Hey. Greg, right?

A CHORUS OF VOICES
Morning, Greg.

Greg leans out in his V.S. robe, voice raspy from sleep.

GREG
Mhhornink.

LINDA
Oh boy. Looks like somebody had a li'l visit from the Hair Fairy.

More laughs. It's true, Greg has a Gumby-like case of pillow hair. He smiles, a sport, then smoothes it over, making it worse. Pam scoots her chair out, gets up.

PAM
I'll do intros. Greg, meet Debbie...

DEBBIE
Hi, Greg.

She offers her hand, Greg shaking it and noticing the huge DIAMOND on her finger, much bigger than the one he got Pam.

GREG
Nice to meet you, Debbie.

PAM
And that's Doctor Bob.

BOB
But you can call me Bob... M.D.

LAUGHS as Bob scores.

PAM
And that's Larry and Linda Banks.

JACK
Dr. Larry is a famous plastic surgeon.

LARRY
Now cut that out!

He makes scissors with his hand and "cuts" the air. This actually gets laughs, too. Easy crowd.

GREG
Pleased to meet you. I think I'll just head upstairs now and have a li'l visit with the... shower fairy.

Crickets. No one laughs. Greg manages a smile before giving a little wave and retreating to the hallway--

INT. HALLWAY JUST OUTSIDE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

--where Pam follows, giving him a little smooch.

PAM
So handsome, how'd you sleep?

GREG
Late. Why didn't you wake me?

PAM
Because when I checked an hour ago, you were out cold. And I know how you like to sleep in…

GREG
Not when I'm a guest.

PAM
Oh. Sorry. Good news though-- the airline called, they have your bag, and it should be here later today.

GREG
It's okay? Wasn't open or anything?

PAM
They didn't say, so it must be fine.

GREG
That's great. Maybe now I can start feeling like myself again.

PAM
In the meantime, just grab more clothes from Denny's room. He should be getting up soon.

Jack is within earshot, dropping fruit into his Juiceman.

JACK
He should be getting up now. We have a busy day. Greg, wake him.

GREG
Uh… okay, I'll shower, wake Denny, dress, and be right down. Bye hon.

And as he plants one on her…

INT. STEAMY BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg, wet-haired and in a towel, leans over the sink, struggling to shave with Pam's round "Flicker" razor, her cosmetic bag and deodorant out on the counter before him.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DENNY'S ROOM - LATER

Greg, back in that girly robe, knocks on the door.

GREG
Denny?

INT. DENNY'S ROOM

A dark, cluttered STY, lit only by the sun peaking through wind-blown blinds. The unmade bed… empty. Greg leans in.

GREG
Hello…?

He looks around and then, satisfied Denny's not here, he heads for the ransacked closet and chest of drawers. He opens a drawer, finds clean boxers, drops his robe, and--
A HEAD shoves through the blinds. DENNY'S.

DENNY AND GREG
Aaaah!

Nude Greg cups the boxers to his crotch.

GREG
Denny?

DENNY
Outta my room, dickless!

He sweeps the blinds aside to reveal he's standing on the garage roof. And as leans over and starts climbing in…

Greg spins and slides the shorts on as Denny falls inside with a THUD. A beat, then Denny slowly gets to his feet.

GREG
Hi, Denny, I'm Pam's boyfriend--

DENNY
Are you wearing my boxers?

GREG
Yeah, the stupid airline lost my bag so Pam said I should borrow clothes…

Denny pulls a tiny can of "Ozium" deodorizer from his jacket pocket and sprays his reaking clothes head-to-toe.

DENNY
You tell 'em I wasn't here?

GREG
What? No, in fact, your Mom asked me to come up here and wake you.

DENNY
No shit? Righteous.
(head back, using eye-drops)
So… you're from Chicago. That's in Michigan, right?

GREG
Illinois.

DENNY
You sure?

Greg lets this slide, watching as Denny tosses his jacket atop an old Nordic-Trak that's been "modified." A length of surgical tubing and an ace bandage hang between its ski-poles, the "sling" facing the bedroom's front window.

GREG
How do you like your Nordic-Trak?

DENNY
It Nordic-blows. I used it for maybe a week. Now it's a water-condom catapult. If two guys pull the sling back, you can nail the church playground a block away.

GREG
Really? That's... *rad*. Denny, could I grab more clothes? If you want to pick them out for me, that's cool...

Denny pushes past Greg into the closet and finds a pair of black polyester "slacks" (tags still on them) and a pair of black dress socks. Then he finds an old pile of shirts, digs, and pulls out *Milli Vanilli, World Tour '92* with a rendering of the two dancin' dreadlocked shysters. And as he tosses the all-black ensemble to Greg...

DENNY (cont'd)
You're styling. Rock on.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Greg picks at the dregs of breakfast as around him, everyone looks STRESSED watching Bob talk on the phone.

BOB
Andy, bud, we understand. You just feel better, okay? We'll mail you some cake. Thanks homie. Bye.

He hangs up and shrugs, bummed.

LARRY
I can't believe it. Poor Dr. Andy...

JACK
Maybe he can fly in tonight.

DEBBIE
Dad, his back is out. It took him two hours just to crawl to a phone.

LINDA
So what does all this mean?

DINA
It means we don't have two ushers.

This hangs in the air a moment. Then Pam chimes in.

PAM
Greg can do it.

And as Greg looks up, mid-chew, to find everyone staring…

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack hands everyone a one-page, nicely printed ITINERARY, a single-spaced page broken down in hourly increments.

JACK
People, this itinerary takes us from 0900 today through the wedding and right up to Bob and Debbie's departure for their honeymoon. Now, I know we're a big group and there's a lot to do and not a lot of time, but if this wedding is to be the success we all know it can be, there cannot be any deviation from this schedule, is that clear?

LARRY
Clear as an Eskimo's artery.

JACK
Questions?

GREG
What are we doing about my tuxedo?

JACK
They'll altar Andy's. Anyone else?

DENNY
Yeah, about the Rehearsal Dinner. What kind of food they serve at the "Surf'n'Turd" Restaurant?

He holds up his agenda, points. Jack gapes.

JACK
Give me that! Give them back!

He starts to snatch them out of people's hands.

PAM
(slightly amused)
Dad, c'mon, it's okay.

DEBBIE
Yeah, we know it's the Surf'N'Turf.

JACK
Dina, I told you to proof these!

DINA
(flinching)
I-- *Greg* did, on the computer. He said he was an expert.

All eyes snap to Greg. He stammers...

GREG
I... guess the spell-checker must've somehow missed it.

JACK
How can it "miss it"? It's a computer, for god's sake.

PAM
Dad, please...

GREG
It didn't actually "miss it". For whatever reason, the word is in the computer's dictionary, and Dina happened to spell "turd" right...

DENNY
Good job, Ma.

And as Jack and Dina shoot Denny daggers... THUNDER CLAPS.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Rain. One after the other, they make for the driveway.

LARRY
Where the hell'd this come from? All the weather reports said "fair."

JACK
Not to worry. My contact at the Weather Service says sun by 1200 EST.

BOB
Just as long as it's nice for the swim-party and barbecue at Riley's...

GREG
Who's Riley?

LINDA
Bob's best friend, and the Best Man.

PAM
(tossing Greg a windbreaker)
Denny, I'm lending Greg your jacket.

DENNY
Whatever.

But when Denny sees exactly *what jacket*, his eyes bug.

IN THE DRIVEWAY-- Dina swings the Buick doors open and Larry the Cad's, and as Linda starts to get in with Larry...

JACK
No, no, no, men in one car, women in the other! Check your itineraries.

DINA
Hop in, Linda. Us gals are all heading to the dressmaker's.

LARRY
And we men are all off to--
(reading his itinerary)
"The Tuxedo Ship."

And as Jack turns and shoots Greg the evil eye...

EXT. "THE TUXEDO SHOP" - DAY

The Cadillac's out front. Still raining.

INT. THE TUXEDO SHOP

Bob, Jack and Larry stand at a three-way mirror, beaming and looking smart in top hats and gray morning-coats.

LARRY
Son, you look so damn... dapper. Deb's gonna see you at the altar and faint.

JACK
If she does, I'm not worried. Half your damn guest list is Doctors.
(as they chuckle)
Y'know, Greg here's in medicine too.

LARRY
Really? What field?

BEHIND A NEARBY CHANGING CURTAIN-- Greg and Denny are still dressing, Greg unwrapping the plastic from his (Andy's) tux.

GREG
Nursing.

Larry and Bob appreciate the quip.

LARRY
No, really, what field?

GREG
Really. I graduated third in a class of 200 from MNA-- the Mountainside Nursing Academy in New Hampshire.

Bob and Larry swap smirks, Larry speaking *sotto* to Bob.

LARRY
Ever heard of it?

BOB
Yeah. Lotta hotties come out of MNA.

Jack eyes himself and the Banks in the mirror…

JACK
Hey, you guys are missing something.

He holds up his white-gloved hands. The Banks' are bare. Suddenly, Larry and Bob get the same idea.

LARRY AND BOB
Oh, Greg?
(raising hands like surgeons)
"Gloves!?"

And as Jack and the MD's have a laugh at Greg's expense…

BEHIND THE CURTAIN-- Greg finds the box of gloves and slides it under the curtain. Denny sniffs the air.

DENNY
What reeks? You wearing cologne?

GREG
Oh, no-- it's Pam's "Secret." You know, "Strong enough for a man--"

DENNY
--but made for a homo?

Denny puts on his top-hat and whips the curtain aside to exit, leaving half-nude Greg exposed for the store to see. He shuts the curtain, and as he continues to get dressed…

He bumps a CHAIR with someone's belongings on it. A WALLET falls, and as Greg picks it up-- Bob enters, and stares.

BOB
Why do you have my wallet?

GREG
Oh, I bumped the chair here and--
(he's said enough)
Sorry.

He hands the wallet back. Bob still staring, concerned.

GREG (cont'd)
I didn't open it. Really.

BOB
(doesn't believe him)
I believe you.

Bob pulls on his khaki shorts and pockets the wallet. And as Greg continues to try on Andy's tux…

GREG
Hey Bob M.D., thanks for having me in the wedding party. I'm honored. And I know it means a lot to Pam.

BOB
I'm just glad it's working out. I guess we need two ushers and I didn't want to tap Riley. He has enough to do, with the ring, and the speech--

GREG
How come Riley's not here? Is he not wearing a tux?

BOB
Actually, we're matching <u>his</u>. He owns one just like this. Nice, huh?

GREG
Well, yours looks great…

He pulls the jacket on and turns to the full-size mirror. The sleeves and cuffs are close, but the fit is VERY TIGHT.

GREG (cont'd)
…but I think I need some tailoring. I mean, I can't even touch my toes--

He starts to bend over, and as he does-- RIP. The jacket <u>and</u> pants split down the back. And as everyone eyes Greg…

INT. TUX SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Greg stands waiting in his boxers as the Owner and his TAILOR examine the open-backed tux. Then the two men turn and shake their heads glumly at an antsy Jack and Larry.

GREG
Sorry, Jack. Andy must be a stick.

JACK
Don't pin this on Doctor Andy. The wedding's tomorrow, your tux is ruined, and now I have to tell Dina and Debbie. Where's an itinerary? I have to call the damn dress shop.

And as he heads for the dressing room, and their clothes…

BEHIND THE CURTAIN-- Denny has "Greg's" windbreaker off the hook and is checking the pockets when Jack walks in. Denny startles, drops the jacket, and out tumbles-- A LIGHTER and a ZIP-LOCK BAG OF DOOBIES. They gape.

DENNY
Woah. Greg's a total stoner.

JACK
I knew it.

EXT. SOUTH HAMPTON STREET - DAY

Still pouring. The Caddy and the Buick roll up the driveway of an impressive, custom-made home.

INT. THE BUICK

Dina drives, Deb beside her, Linda and Pam in the back.

PAM
Whose house is this, Mom?

DINA
It's right there on your interary, honey. "BBQ at the Best Man's"…

And as Debbie shoots her Mother a dubious look…

EXT. RILEY'S DRIVEWAY

They motor past rows of trimmed hedges and rose-gardens, the rain slowly tapering off until…

EXT. THE CIRCULAR DRIVE OF RILEY'S MINI-MANSION - DAY

…the sky's blue, sun's bright, and dew glistens on the flower beds and lawn. It's like a different, happy world.

BY THE FRONT DOOR-- the car doors open and the families slide out, basking in the sweet air and sudden sunshine.

LARRY
The sun! What luck.

BOB
Luck? C'mon, Riley planned this.

AT THE BUICK-- Dina, not her cheery self, pops the trunk.

DINA
Jack, bring the tuxes over. We'll put them in here, with the dresses.

A few yards away, Pam reunites with Greg. A peck, and...

GREG
Jack was mad. Was your Mom upset?

PAM
(yes)
No.

Dina walks toward them, toting tuxes. She smiles at Greg.

DINA
Don't worry about the foul-up, Greg. Something was bound to go wrong-- after all, all weddings have their one "thing"-- and your thing was our thing. But it's behind us now, so let's just forget it and move on.

A Stepford smile, then she puts the tuxes in the Buick and pulls out a big beach tote-bag as Denny walks up.

DENNY
Ma, you pack me a suit and towel?

DINA
Just a suit. Kevin has towels.

PAM
Kevin?

KEVIN (O.S.)
Hey! Welcome, everybody!

THE BURNS AND BANKS
Hey Riles! Kevin! Riley!

KEVIN RILEY, 32, strolls over in swim-trunks and a cropped-tee. He's the same guy we saw in the photos, only he's improved with age-- better looking, tanner, buffer. And as Pam shoots her Father a look that could kill...

BOB
Hey, Riley-buddy.

KEVIN
(handshake/embrace)
Doctor Robert, welcome.
(then, to Debbie)
Debra. Big day mañana.

He kisses her cheek before moving on to Jack and Dina.

KEVIN
Double-B and darling Dee...

JACK/DINA
Mr. Riley, sir./Hello, Kevin.

Kevin pecks Dina on the cheek, *then does the same to Jack,* something not lost on Greg. Kev moves along, to the Banks.

KEVIN
Larry, Linda, looking lovely.

LARRY/LINDA
Thanks, Riley. And you.

Denny scratches his cheek with his middle finger, grins.

DENNY
Beavis.

KEVIN
Butthead.

He lightly cuffs the back of Denny's head before turning to Pam and Greg, Pam summoning a smile despite her anger.

KEVIN
Hey Peanut.

PAM
Kevin, this is Greg.

JACK
Greg is Pam's guest from Chicago.

KEVIN
Chi-town! Welcome to the Hamptons.

GREG
Thanks, you too.

Damn, he's done it again.

KEVIN
Well, the sun's out, grill's hot and the pool's luke, so if you're up for a swim and a little bee-bee-cue...

BOB
Riles, we're *there*.

They head down a path from the driveway, toward the sound of an outdoor stereo and a sparkling blue pool, Jack taking up the rear and calling to them as they go.

JACK
People, it's 12:10 and we're a bit behind so have fun, eat, drink, be merry, but be ready to go by 1400.

He spins to find Pam glaring at him, fuming.

PAM
Want to tell me what this is about?

JACK
Kevin is Doctor Bob's Best Man, that's what it's about, sweety.

PAM
I can't believe you kept this from me.

JACK
I didn't keep it from you, I just didn't think it mattered. You're always saying how you're over Kevin, how he means nothing to you.

PAM
Which he doesn't. *Still.*
(beat)
How does Bob even <u>know</u> Kevin? He didn't know him when we were dating...

JACK
They've been friends for years. Look, when I started the Nanny-Cams I needed investors, so naturally I called Kevin, since it's his field. He hooked me up with Doctor Larry, we hit it off, I met Bob, who <u>already</u> knew Kevin through Larry, and later I introduced Bob to Deb...

PAM
Wait, you "set-up" Bob and Debbie?

JACK
I thought they should meet since Bob was going to NYU and wouldn't know anybody. And here we are, right? A few months later and bells are ringing. I'm a regular Hello Dolly.

He winks, clearly not taking any of this too seriously.

JACK (cont'd)
Now c'mon, you and Greg come join the party. We're all friends here...

He smiles, then heads off down the path. Pam sighs.

PAM
This is too weird. Greg, I'm sorry...

GREG
Pam, honey, don't apologize. I heard your Dad, I understand.
(arm around her)
Hey, if I can go a weekend without sex and cigarettes, I can certainly handle two days with your ex-fiancé.

PAM
Baby, you're the greatest.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Hey, kids!

Kevin comes up the path from the pool, shirtless, buff.

KEVIN
Jack said you two wanted a tour. C'mon, I'll show you the digs.

And as Greg and Pam flash big phony smiles...

GREG/PAM
Great...!

INT. CAVERNOUS COUNTRY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

KEVIN
Floor's imported limestone, counter's German greenstone, I got twin Sub Z's, Viking Range, two dishwashers...

GREG
This kitchen's the size of my condo.

PAM
So, work must be working out, eh Kev? You still at Neuberger-Berman?

KEVIN
Who told you I was at NB?

PAM
I saw an article, in *USA Today*...

GREG
So, you're what... an investment banker, Wall Street trader person...?

KEVIN
Yeah, but that's just my day-job. Let me show you what I'm *really* into.

INT. WOODSHOP

An immaculate carpenter's lair with a dozen-odd projects (furniture, carvings, etc.) in various stages of completion.

GREG
Wow, someone got an "A" in Woodshop. What made you get into carpentering?

KEVIN
Carpentry? I'd have to say Jesus. He was a carpenter, and I figured if you're going to follow in someone's footsteps, who better than Christ's?

Greg nods, then notices a number of Pam-Kev photos hanging (dust-free) on the walls. Pam nods o.s., to a big TARP.

PAM
What's that, outside?

KEVIN
A gift. I'll show you.

EXT. AN ADJACENT, BRICK COURTYARD AND GAZEBO - CONTINUOUS

KEVIN
I just put the last coat of lacquer on it this morning, before the rain.

He lifts the tarp to reveal a 10-FOOT-HIGH ARCH, ornately carved with roses, doves, cherubs, hearts. Pam gasps.

PAM
Kevin, it's *amazing*. And you made roses-- Deb's favorite, and are those holes there for candles?

KEVIN
Exactly, and later on they'll catch rainwater and make tiny bird-baths.

GREG
Um, at the risk of sounding really, really stupid... what is it?

KEVIN
It's the altar. I'm going to take it to the Burns, have the florist decorate it, and tomorrow Bob and Deb'll meet beneath it to become man and wife. And later, when they buy a home, it can grace their garden.

GREG
How long's something like this take?

KEVIN
Let's see, they've been engaged three weeks... five hours a day... about 100 hours. Which isn't bad considering I carved it all by hand.

And as two lovebirds alight on the altar, and tweet...

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - HOME THEATRE ROOM

Kenny Loggins' "Danger Zone" BOOMS and "TOP GUN" fills the letterbox screen as F-16's rocket by in SenSurround Sound®. Kevin raises an arm, turns to Pam, yells over the music--

KEVIN
I feel the need...

--and they do a one-hand, high-five-then-low-five thing.

PAM/KEVIN
The need for speed!

They laugh, Keving pointing the remote and stopping the film. And as the screen retracts and the lights come up...

KEVIN
Good job, P.B. Way to remember...

He smiles, so "there" and radiant that Pam has to look away to avoid a school-girl blush. Then-- a WALL INTERCOM barks with the sound of a pool party and Jack's voice.

JACK (O.S)
Riley? Where you at? It's 12:25. Time to start the barbecue, big guy.

KEVIN (TO INTERCOM)
On my way, Mister B.
(then, to Pam and Greg)
I better go play host. Why don't you put your suits on and head down?

GREG
Suits. Darn, don't suppose your Mom packed an extra one for me.
(to Kevin)
The airline lost my luggage.

KEVIN
Oh, man. Never check your bag. But no sweat, I can lend you a suit.

PAM
Great, Kev. Thanks.

He smiles at again, then heads down a hallway, and… Pam turns to Greg, who by now's looking a bit miffed.

PAM
Honey, what.

GREG
Nothing.

PAM
No, tell me…

GREG
It's not worth bringing up.
(then, brings it up)
You and Kevin did our thing. Y'know…

He mimes the high-five-low-five slap thing.

PAM
Greg, that's not "our thing" it's from the movie, from "Top Gun."

GREG
Our thing's not our thing?

PAM
Greg, did you not see "Top Gun"?

GREG
What, you mean besides just now?

PAM
How could you not see "Top Gun"? I thought everbody saw "Top Gun."

GREG
Gee, I guess we're learning all sorts of new things about each other…

KEVIN (O.S.)
Think fast!

A TOWEL rolled around a swimsuit SMACKS Greg in the head. It drops into his arms as Kevin strolls up, grinning big.

KEVIN (cont'd)
I feel the need… the need to feed…

EXT. BY THE POOL AND POOLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kenny G. wafts from garden speakers as Kevin mans the BBQ.

KEVIN
Cold buffet's on the left, champagne and wine's on the right, so *enjoy*.

LARRY
Salmon steaks, Moet Chandon… Jeez, Riley, what do you do for an encore?

LINDA
Maybe he'll walk across his pool.

Linda scores! Jack, in line behind them, looks to Pam.

JACK
Some place, huh? And a block from the beach. Can't get that in Chicago…

DINA
Honey, is your friend Greg okay?

Greg overhears her from behind the poolhouse door.

GREG (O.S.)
I'm fine.

A beat, then he steps out wearing a tight, white SPEEDO. Kevin looks up from the grill to check Greg out.

KEVIN
Hey buddy, how's that suit? Not too big I hope.

GREG
Actually it's a bit tight, in places. And white's not really my color.

LARRY
Oh boy. Time for a career change.

Larry SCORES, he and Doctor Bob sniggering.

KEVIN
So Greg, you like grilled salmon, swordfish, or a little of both?

GREG
Both sounds good, I'm pretty hungry.

JACK
(to no one in particular)
I think they call that the munchies.

And as Greg squints, wondering what the hell that meant…

KEVIN
Peanut? Glen? Hit the buffet and then come and get your entrees.

PAM
Great. Thanks, Kev.

Greg nods "thanks" and he and Pam shuffle over to the cold buffet, Pam ladling out two bowls of gazpacho.

GREG
Funny, he's not wearing a Speedo.

PAM
Relax, Greg, nobody's even looking.

GREG
Good, because if that pool's cold, they'll be calling me peanut.

PAM
Y'know, I *knew* that would bug you. He only calls me that because of my initials. "P.B.", peanut butter…?

GREG
…perfect boyfriend…

KEVIN
(walks up, with plates)
One sockeye, two swords.

PAM/GREG
Thanks… Looks great…

KEVIN
Dig in, and then get ready 'cause after lunch we're playing aqua-v-ball.

PAM
Pool volleyball? Sounds like fun.

GREG
Yeah. I love games.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - LATER

A volleyball net bisects the pool. "Captains" Jack and Bob are in the water, on opposite sides, while the others stand at the water's edge. Dear God, they're picking teams.

BOB
Kevin.

JACK
There's a shock.

Kevin jumps in beside Bob. Chest-thumps, high-fives.

JACK
Denny.

DENNY
(steps in, bored)
Crapulous.

BOB
Deb.

DEBBIE
Yes!

She jumps in, as do the others as they're called.

JACK
Larry.

BOB
Pam.

JACK
Linda.

BOB
Dina.

DINA
Oh, I'm not playing. The chlorine dries my skin.

DEBBIE
But Mom, the teams won't be even.

BOB
Four and four. They're even now.

Greg stands there, invisible. And now Pam is pissed.

PAM
Would somebody please pick Greg?!

JACK
I thought Doctor Bob did.

BOB
No, but you take him. We'll just play five on four. Okay?

JACK
Whatever. Greg, let's go.

Greg, sport that he is, musters a smile before dropping in.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

--At the net, Bob sets, Kevin spikes. Both hoot.
--Greg serves one... into the cold buffet.
--Deb hits to Bob, Bob to Pam, Pam tips it over. Cheers.
--And as Team-Bob celebrates, whooping, really into it....

Larry slaps the water. Jack eyes his team, disgusted.

JACK
We are getting creamed! Huddle up!

KEVIN
(calls to Greg, through net)
Glen-- rush the net on defense. Don't be afraid of the ball.

PAM
It's Greg.

KEVIN
What?

PAM
It's "Greg," not "Glen." "Greg" is afraid of the ball.

GREG
Thanks for clearing that up, Peanut.

JACK
Larry, Linda, stay back for deep shots. Denny, float. Greg, if I set the ball for you, do you think you could jump up and spike it?

GREG
I'd have to be pretty high.

JACK
I bet you would, Panama Red. Okay, everyone! Look sharp! BREAK.

They clap their hands and wade to their positions. Except Greg, who's still trying to decipher what Jack just said.

KEVIN
Service!

Kevin bloops one. Larry bats it to Denny, who sets it...

LARRY
Yours, Greg, yours!

...Greg pops it over the net to Pam, who returns it, deep...

JACK
You've gotta spike those, Greg!

Linda bats it to Larry, who sets it again, to Greg, and... This time Greg times it right. He rockets from the water, fully-extended, arm cocked, and as they all watch, amazed--

GREG HITS A MONSTER SPIKE, the ball sailing directly at... Debbie's smiling face. BAM! She SCREAMS and falls back, submerging as the water around her runs crimson red.

ON THE DECK-- Dina jumps up, eyes huge, adrenaline pumping.

DINA
Aaaaahhh!!

She jumps in the water, fully clothed, and as Debbie struggles to her feet, both hands clutching her face... Jack and Larry both whirl on Greg, their eyes ablaze.

JACK
What the hell's wrong with you?!

LARRY
It's only a game, Focker!

They turn and rush to Debbie, who's beginning to cry, and as Pam shoots Greg the saddest of looks through the net...

INT. THE MOVING BUICK - LATER

Greg's in back with Denny and Pam, Dina and Jack up front. They ride along in utter, awkward silence. Then...

GREG
Does her dress have a veil...?

EXT. THE BURNS HOME - LATER

The Buick arrives to find a CATERER'S VAN, a "PARTY RENTALS" TRUCK, and a few more cars and people waiting.

DINA (O.S., IN CAR)
What are they, early?

JACK (O.S., IN CAR)
We're late. C'mon, everybody out.

Jack gets out and hits the ground running, firing orders.

JACK
Caterers? Come with me.
(spins, points at a guy)
You the D.J.? Talk with them.
(as the Cadillac arrives)
Pam, help Debra, please. Denny, put the tuxes and dresses in the den.

The Caddy's doors open and Bob helps Deb out. She holds an ice-bag to her red and puffy face as Pam approaches.

PAM
How ya doing, Debbie-doodle?

Debbie, a shiner under the ice, squeaks a sad reply.

BOB
She's better. It's just swollen.

DENNY
(taking a closer look)
Cool, you can totally see "Voit" backwards on your forehead!

Deb takes a lame swipe at Denny and starts to cry. Pam puts an arm around her, and as they head for the backyard... Greg sees an VAN pull up. A COURIER gets out with his BAG.

GREG
Thank god. Is it okay? I have a really expensive ring in there...

COURIER
You checked a bag containing jewelry? Man, you must be dumb as a stump.

And as Greg stares at the guy, stunned...

EXT. BURNS HOME - BACKYARD - LATER

The joint is jumping. Jack is on the back porch steps, holding a cordless phone to his ear while yelling orders to passing WORKERS carrying tables, linens, chairs, etc.

JACK
Buffet's going against the house. Put the chairs on the lawn, they're getting married under the elm tree.

CATERER
Mr. Burns, I need to store the china and linen overnight. Preferably in a room with easy access to the yard.

JACK
We'll keep everything in my den.
(then, into phone)
Yes, I'm still here. Great, and you're sure it's thick enough to cover a black eye? Terrific, what's it called and when do you close?

AT A TABLE-- a slick-haired D.J. sits with Debbie and Bob.

DEE-JAY
...and then we do the Chicken Dance or the Macarena and at the end I play "Leaving On A Jet Plane." But let's backtrack. First dance-- you want Elvis, Whitney, or Lionel Richie?

And as Debbie starts to cry again, behind her ice-pack...

INT. THE DEN (JACK'S OFFICE) - SAME

Greg plops the suitcase on the open sofabed, beside the tuxes and dresses. As he starts to work the combo-lock... The door swings open and Pam walks in. Greg startles...

PAM
Your suitcase! Did you go through it? Make sure it's all there?

GREG
Yeah, it's all fine. What's up?

PAM
(shuts door behind her)
Nothing's "up," I just thought I'd see how you were doing since hitting the... spike heard 'round the world.

GREG
Well, since you're asking, I pretty much feel like a big, dumb loser.

PAM
You're not a loser, Greg. It's just... too bad you had to hit it so hard.

GREG
Pam, it was an accident.

PAM
I know, but you shouldn't have let Dad and Larry push you like that--

GREG
It sounds like you're blaming me--

PAM
I'm not. I'm just saying *relax*, okay? Don't try so hard. Be yourself.

GREG
Honey, I'm trying.

PAM
Well, try harder.

GREG
You just told me not to.

PAM
At being yourself. Greg, do you not understand how important this weekend is to me? To us?

GREG
Of course. But Pam, if you want me to be comfortable, to be myself, then help me out, be on my side. I just-- I'm feeling totally alone here.

He sits on edge of the sofa-bed, dejected. Pam immediately beside him,consoling.

PAM
Greg, baby, I'm on your side. You're not on your own here…

She puts an arm around him, pulls him close. He turns to her, nodding, feeling better. They kiss, Pam leaning them back onto the bed and placing his hand to her chest…

GREG
…is this okay…?

PAM
It's fine… relax…

And as she starts to straddle him, kissing, hands roaming… BAM. The door flies open to reveal Jack and Larry, holding linens. Greg bolts up, his hands on Pam's breasts.

PAM
Dad!
(brushing Greg's hands away)
Ever think to knock?!

JACK
Not when it's my own office. What are you doing in here?

LARRY
I'd say rounding second base.

Jack shoots Larry daggers as Pam gets up.

PAM
This is Greg's room, Dad.

JACK
(dropping linens on bed)
Not anymore. We need it for storage.

PAM
Then where's he supposed to sleep?

JACK
We'll talk about it later. Meantime, head outside and help your Mother, it's a real madhouse out there.

PAM
Fine. C'mon, Greg.

She huffs and exits to the porch. Greg shoots a sheepish look to Jack and Larry and starts to go when Jack notices the bathroom door is ajar. And something's running...

JACK
Hold it, Focker.
(listens, points to bathroom)
Did you flush this toilet?

GREG
No sir.

JACK
What, did the thing flush itself?

GREG
Wait-- the cat. He used the toilet.

LARRY
The *cat* used the toilet...?

GREG
Last night, he flushed it and left.

JACK
No chance. Jinx knows not to use this toilet. <u>And</u> he never flushes.

GREG
Well he did last night, and what's it matter, anyway?

JACK
The matter, Greg R.N., is that when this toilet is flushed, it runs. And when you have a septic tank that's nearly full and a toilet that has run all night, then you can suddenly have one helluva problem.

Suddenly, two concerned Workers appear in the doorway.

WEDDING WORKER
Mr. Burns…?

EXT. BURNS HOME - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The lawn SQUISHES as Pam helps the Workers move chairs back toward the house. A few yards away, Greg and a bitching Denny help, lugging a table through swampy grass.

DENNY
Nice stench. You're on a roll, bud.

GREG
Bite me, Denny.

DENNY
You bite me, you cost me my stash.

GREG
What?

DENNY
It was in my coat-- that coat-- and the baggy fell out at the Tux Shop. Now my Dad has it, and I have to spend the whole weekend weedless.

GREG
Shit-- he thinks it's mine! No wonder he was talking about the munchies, and Panama Red. Denny, I'm sorry, but I have to tell him.

DENNY
They won't believe you-- my *p's* are in full denial. But go for it, tell them I'm "hopped up." They'll just think you're a lying mother, Focker.

ON THE PORCH-- Jack paces on the cordless phone, livid.

JACK
Listen to me-- twenty hours from now I'm having a wedding here, so I need it pumped and I need it pumped now!

Bob and Deb step outside, see the lawn being cleared.

DEBBIE
Dad, what's going on?

BOB
(sniffs, winces)
What's that smell?

JACK
(paces by, on phone)
That smell, Bob, is our shit.

LINDA
Greg flushed the bad toilet in the den and the cesspool overflowed.

LARRY
And he tried to blame the cat.

DEBBIE
But... if the lawn is wrecked, where are we having the wedding? Mom...!

She starts to lose it. Dina hugs her, Linda pats her back.

DINA
Don't worry, Deb, it'll work out.

LINDA
A septic tank pumper will come suck it up and tomorrow it'll be fine...

JACK
(checking agenda, on phone)
Two choices-- come during the shower before rehearsal or after rehearsal when we're at the Surf'N'Turd. Turf.

A HORN honks. They all turn and see a FLATBED TRUCK (with liftgate), rolling down the driveway, the ALTAR on back, Kevin at the wheel. He cracks a window, yells to Jack.

KEVIN
Over by the tree, right?!

JACK
NO! NOT ON THE LAWN!

Too late. The wheels of the heavy truck BOG DOWN in the muck and sink to a stop. Kevin looks down from the cab...

KEVIN
What the heck?

...and guns the engine, spinning the wheels and sending a huge, brown SPRAY flying through the air and straight at-- The PORCH, where the Burns and Banks scream and scatter as the porch is splattered with muddy, brackish water...

ON THE LAWN-- Pam cringes. Greg gapes. Denny grins.

DENNY
Very cool.

INT. PAM'S BEDROOM - LATER

A knock, then the door opens and Greg peers in. The adjacent bathroom door's shut, shower's going. So...

Greg enters with his suitcase, plops it on her bed. He works the combo-lock and... it doesn't open. He tries the latches again, then checks the handle's i.d. tag and--

GREG
Aw, fu--

INT. BURNS HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Greg, alone, walks and talks on the cordless, smoldering.

GREG
I know I said a gray *American Tourister* but is it possible their company, in a shameless effort to turn a profit, manufactured more than *one*? And would that not allow your fine airline to lose *two* of the aforementioned receptacles and, in a synergistic explosion of irony and incompetence, send the *wrong* one here while sending the *right* one to the other sucker who was dumb enough to let you check his only carry-on bag?!

He swings the back door open and steps outside, to--

EXT. THE BACK PORCH

--where he paces, Bob and Kevin visible in the b.g. watching a HUGE TOW-TRUCK pull the flatbed from the muck.

GREG (cont'd)
I don't want to calm down! There's a diamond ring in that bag, mister, and 24 hours from now it better be...
(MORE...)

GREG (cont'd)
...on my girlfriend's finger or there will be HELL to pay, you hear me? Now find out what the HELL happened and call me the HELL back! Hell-o...?
(dial tone)
I don't believe this shit!

He turns, heads back for the door, and then stops. And pales. Jinx is there, meowing at him. OUTSIDE.

GREG
Oh, God. Here... kitty. Here... Jinx...

Jinx stares, licks a paw. And as Greg creeps closer... Jinx bolts down the stairs. Greg LEAPS from the porch, cutting him off. Jinx turns and bolts for a crawl-space hatch, disappearing UNDER THE HOUSE. As Greg steams...

INT. THE HOME'S (DIMLY LIT) CRAWLSPACE - SECONDS LATER

Greg, still holding the phone, combat-crawls through dirt and cobwebs toward a meowing silhouette. As he does, VOICES carry through the floor above, muffled but clear.

LINDA (O.S.)
...to me, it looked like an accident. Why would he want to hurt her?

INT. THE GREAT ROOM

Jack and Linda are in bathrobes, having showered following the flying-fluid fiasco. Jack's at the bar, pouring.

JACK
He wouldn't, intentionally, but he's not in control. Look at his eyes-- they're completely bloodshot.

LARRY
More pink, really. Like a rat's.

EXT. UNDER THE HOUSE

LINDA (O.S.)
Maybe he's using for medicinal purposes. He looks kind of sickly.

JACK (O.S.)
Forget medicine, he's a bong-head. He's been puffin' the magic dragon.

Then-- louder, clearer voices drown theirs out.

BOB (O.S.)
...caught him going through my wallet.

EXT. BACK PORCH

Bob and Kevin walk over from the driveway, where the flatbed's now parked, the altar on the walk beside it.

KEVIN
What?

INT. CRAWLSPACE

BOB (O.S.)
At the tux shop. I walked in before he could steal anything. *Nurses…*

KEVIN (O.S.)
How can Pam and this guy be serious?

BOB (O.S.)
Who says they are? I don't see a rock on her finger.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Good point, there's not. Yet…

They head in as Greg lies there, exhausted, his face full of dust, hair full of cobwebs. And as Jinx finds daylight…

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Dina dabs foundation on her daughter's budding black-eye.

DINA
…and you can plan forever, and something will always go wrong. All weddings have their one thing.

DEBBIE
So what's ours, Mom? The tuxedo screw-up? My nose? Or the backyard smelling like the zoo in a heatwave?

DINA
That's enough, Miss Doom-N-Gloom. And look, your face is much better.

She turns Deb toward the mirror. It's better, not much.

DEBBIE
Sure, under make-up bulbs. But how's it going to look in sunlight?

DINA
Let's find out.

She moves to her bedroom window, whips opens the drapes--THERE'S GREG. In the elm tree right outside her window.

EXT. THE ELM TREE

He freezes, horrified, waiting for them to see him. But-- *They don't. The women don't see him.* Mainly because they're facing one another while Dina powders Debbie's face. And as Greg watches JINX climb higher in the tree…

INTERCUT - THE BEDROOM AND THE ELM TREE

DEBBIE
Ow! Stop patting it, Mom. You're going to make it bleed again.

DINA
Baby, if it hurts, take something. I have Valium, Vicodans, Percoset…

DEBBIE
They'll just make me sleepy.

DINA
If they do, you can take one of my picker-upper pills. Wait here--

DEBBIE
Mom-- NO.

She covers her eyes and starts to cry, Dina turning back to comfort her. And Greg watches from the tree, rapt.

DINA
Debbie, honey, what's wrong?

DEBBIE
I'm late…

DINA
What?

DEBBIE
More than late…

DINA
Oh my God. Does Bob know?

DEBBIE
Of course he knows. Why do you think we're getting married so soon?

DINA
Because he's starting med-school…

DEBBIE
Not for a month. We decided we'd move, get settled, find a doctor…

She wipes a tear away. Greg still watching, mesmerized.

DINA
Do Larry and Linda know about this? Does anybody know about this?

DEBBIE
...no...

DINA
Good, it's best not to have people talking. How far along are you?

DEBBIE
Seven weeks...

DINA
That's it? Oh, sweety, this is no problem. 8-month babies happen all the time. No one will ever know.
(then, suddenly concerned)
Deb, you do love Bob, don't you?

DEBBIE
Yeah Mom, I do. And we would've been married sooner or later anyway.

DINA
I know, Debbie-Doodle. I know...

She takes Debbie's hand, smiles. Not that Stepfordian one, but a real smile, warm and sincere. Debbie relaxes.

DEBBIE
Thanks, Mom...

A quick hug, then it's time to get back to business.

DINA
Now go get ready for the shower before your Father blows a gasket.

Debbie nods and leaves, Dina shutting the door behind her. And as she takes a moment to absorb what's just happened...

The phone rings. THE PHONE IN GREG'S GODDAM HAND. He stares at it, horrified, and when his eyes whip back to the window-- Dina's staring right at him. Right *through* him.

GREG
...hey...

She glowers, whips the drapes shut, and as Greg whimpers... The phone RINGS again, Greg hitting a button to try and mute it but he must've accidentally hit "TALK" because--

JACK (ON PHONE)
--and we'll meet at the beach house.

CAROL (ON PHONE)
Did you just hear a "click"?

JACK (ON PHONE)
Hang up! Hang up!

Greg panics, bobbling the phone, and as he lunges for it--
THE LIMB he's standing on SNAPS--

GREG
Aaaaahhh!!

--falling and RIPPING the home's WIRE-RUN from its bracket and sending a long, whipping, LIVE WIRE to the ground.

INT. BURNS HOME - VARIOUS ROOMS

People react as blow-dryers, stereos, and lights go out.

EXT. THE TREE

Greg hangs from the tree, feet dangling, while below him--

EXT. THE YARD BELOW

The live wires whip around like spark-spitting snakes, one of them hitting the elm tree, another wriggling over to--
The all-wood, just lacquered, wedding altar. WHOOMF!

EXT. THE TREE

Greg climbs and coughs in the rising smoke, as above him--
Jinx MEOWS and leaps to the rooftop. Greg follows, and as he grabs the gutter and starts to pull himself up--

EXT. THE ROOFTOP

--the gutter bounces, Greg's pack of CAMELS jostling, then falling off the edge into the rising cloud of smoke.

EXT. THE BACK PORCH BELOW

The door bangs open and Bob, Jack, Larry, and Kev rush out.
Kevin stares, then SCREAMS, at his now-engulfed ALTAR.

KEVIN
Aaaaahhh!!

The bottom of the elm's ablaze too, fire licking the house.

JACK
9-9-1! Call 9-9-1!

EXT. BACK PORCH

Debbie, Linda, and Pam (all in robes), and Denny, rush outside and onto the porch, where they eye the leaping flames. And as Denny "woahs," and Debbie shrieks…

PAM
Greg? Where's Greg?!

ON THE ROOF BEHIND THEM-- Jinx, then Greg, scamper by, both of them dropping down to the roof of the garage.

EXT. GARAGE ROOFTOP

Jinx leaps to the roof of the flatbed and bolts to freedom. And as Greg DIVES, headfirst, through Denny's blinds…

EXT. BURNS BACK YARD/BACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

A pair of FIREMEN train a hose on the smoking, blackened elm and a charred, steaming pile of hand-carved debris.

ON THE PORCH-- Bob consoles a melancholy Kevin as Larry, Jack, Pam, and Linda listen to a wizened FIRE-CHIEF.

FIRE-CHIEF
Cause will be tough to tell given the contributing factors here. You've got an old tree, some power lines, a highly flammable wood *objet d'art*…

The porch door swings open, and all heads turn as-- Greg steps out, looking showered (hair-wet) and confused.

GREG
Wow, I <u>thought</u> I heard sirens.

JACK
And just where have you been?

GREG
In the shower. Then the power died, water pressure fell… what happened?

KEVIN
(turns and glares, eyes wet)
The wedding altar burned.

BOB
Nearly took the house up with it.

LINDA
Showering, huh? And what were you doing before that?

GREG
Jeez, Linda, can I call my lawyer?

JACK
Don't get funny on us, farmboy.

PAM
(trying to understand)
Greg... I was in the shower when the power died. And then I looked for you in the bathroom downstairs...

GREG
And I'll bet you didn't find me there either and do you know why?

DINA (O.S.)
Because he wasn't there.

Dina and Debbie step outside. And as Greg braces...

DINA (cont'd)
He was upstairs. In my shower.

JACK
In our shower?

DINA
After Deb left, Greg said Pam was in the shower and could he use ours. Find everything okay, Greg?

GREG
(stunned, but goes with it)
Sure did, Dina, thanks. I even used your... whaddyacallit... soap.

DENNY
You use her deodorant too?

GREG
(forced laugh)
No, no, think I'll stick with Pam's.

DINA
That's right, Greg. You just keep your "Secret," *and I will keep mine*.

She flashes him a wafer-thin grin and... Greg gets it. He nods, they have a deal. Satisfied, Jack moves on.

JACK
Dina, call Phyllis Brown, tell her we'll be later to the shower than I originally said. Denny--

(MORE...)

JACK (cont'd)
Call the florist, tell 'em we need a trellis for the altar. I'm gonna call a tree-trimmer to whack the elm and an Edison crew to hook up the power. Pam, help me finish putting the china and linens in the den and if our guests will please get dressed I'd like to have us out of here in fifteen minutes. Tops.

He turns and strides back into the house. A beat, and the others follow, Debbie, Denny, and the Banks giving Greg the eye as they head inside. Pam turns to a moping Kevin.

PAM
You going to be okay?

KEVIN
Yeah. Gonna go thank the firemen…

He glares at Greg and heads for the Fire-Chief. Pam sighs.

PAM
This isn't right.

GREG
What's not…

PAM
The way they're looking at you. The way they're all… thinking.

GREG
Wait, do they think I had something to do with this? Do they think--

PAM
That you started the fire? Yes.

GREG
That's NUTS. Why would I do that? Why would they even think I would do that? Pam, what's going on here? Why are they all out to get me?

PAM
Nobody's out to "get you," Greg…

JACK (O.S.)
Greg?!

INT. JACK'S DEN - SECONDS LATER

Jack and Larry each hold a piece of the broken outlet-cam.

JACK
You broke it, didn't you? You broke my new state-of-the-art Outlet-Cam.

GREG
Why would I break your camera?

LARRY
That's what we'd like to know.

PAM
Mind your own business, Larry.

LARRY
It is my business, half my business.

GREG
It probably just fell or something.

JACK
That's it, Focker. Keep going...

PAM
Dad-- stop it! You will not interrogate him! If he said he didn't do it, then he didn't do it!

JACK
So you didn't break my camera.

GREG
I wasn't anywhere near your camera.

JACK
Okay then, let's all take a look-see.

Greg looks to Pam, confused, and then Jack bends and opens a nearby cabinet to reveal a small, high-end VCR and MONITOR. As he SNAPS on the unit's big ni-cad battery...

PAM
Oh my God, were you spying in here?!

JACK
(hitting "Rewind")
Spying? Of course not. I was merely testing out a prototype.

PAM
I can't believe you! That is sick!

JACK
Pamela, I didn't know he'd be down here. If I did, I certainly wouldn't have left out my incredibly expensive, one-of-a-kind equipment.

Jack hits "Play" and as the tape starts, and Greg sweats…

ON THE MONITOR-- Greg, in his Calvins, cracks the window for air then spins, yawns, and slips a hand down his briefs.

IN THE ROOM-- CRINGES all around, especially Greg as--

ON THE MONITOR-- he cups himself, turns his head, *coughs.*

GREG
(shrugs, to all)
My… nightly exam. I had a scare.

This is a nightmare. And as the tape continues…

GREG (cont'd)
Y'know, Jack, last night, there's a chance, a small chance, I bumped it.

JACK
I thought you "didn't go near it."

GREG
I don't know why I'd say that since…

ON THE TV NOW-- Greg's heading right for the pinhole lens.

GREG (cont'd)
…I'm clearly heading right for it.

Pam watches, stunned, as the tape shows Greg pick it up.

GREG (cont'd)
Look, look-- are my eyes open? They are! Very cool, I'm sleep walking. Y'know, I've suspected this for years but now I finally have proof.

LARRY
Sleep walking…

GREG
Look at that, look at my eye, it looks like I'm completely awake.

ON THE TV-- Greg's holding the camera, staring into its lens, until the image whip-pans, blurs, and… SNOW.

GREG
See that? I dropped it. Huh.
(turns, upbeat)
Man, I'd love to take a copy of this to a sleep clinic.

PAM
Jesus, Greg!

She pushes by him and storms down the hallway. And as Jack and Larry stare at Greg, smug…

INT. PAM'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pam flops on her bed, face-down, teenage-girl style. A beat later, Greg knocks and pops his head in.

GREG
Pam, honey, I'm sorry.

PAM
For what? Breaking the camera? Flushing the goddam toilet--

GREG
I didn't flush that toilet.

PAM
You sure? Maybe you sleep-shat.

GREG
Okay, all right, the sleepwalking thing was truly lame, but--

PAM
No buts, Greg. You lied to me.

GREG
Honey, I panicked. But can you blame me the way things are going? I feel like I can't catch my breath here. It's just one blow after another.
(sits beside her, sincere)
Pam, please. I'm very, very sorry I lied. But you know why I did it. I just so want your family to like me…
(taking her hand)
Pam, please. You forgive me?

He reaches a hand up, starts stroking her hair.

PAM
Give me one reason.

GREG
Here's two-- I love you. And things are going to get better, I promise.

He leans in for a kiss. She hesitates… then leans in too.

PAM
They couldn't get much worse.

JACK (O.S.)
JIIIIIINX?!

INT. THE DARK, POWERLESS KITCHEN - SAME

Larry, Linda, Debbie, and Dina watch as Bob and Jack enter from the back porch, Jack sweaty, anxious, breathing hard.

JACK
--We checked every yard, every car on the street. Nobody's seen him.

LARRY
Maybe the firemen can help us.

LINDA
He's not in a goddam tree, Larry.

JACK
He might be! Might be anywhere! My Jinxy, out there all alone, without any food, water, a toilet…

Pam and Greg enter from the hallway.

PAM
Anything we can do, Dad?

JACK
(whirling on Greg)
You tried to milk him, didn't you, you sick son-of-a--

PAM
Dad! It wasn't Greg!

DEBBIE
But you said he hates cats…

PAM
HE DOESN'T HATE CATS.

DINA
Maybe we could print up some flyers--

JACK
With what electricity?!

DINA
God, Jack, bite my head off!

JACK
Pam-- get Jinx photos, we'll canvas.
(as Pam heads off)
What about that guy, "Sherlock Bones"? Does he just find dogs?

Denny enters from the back porch steps, with news.

DENNY
Hey Dad, Mr. Roy on the corner thinks he saw an Animal Control Van...

JACK
The *Pound*? Jesus, my Jinx in a cage! C'mon! We're going to the Shelter.

DINA
Jack-- *please*. Can't you call them? He may not even be there...

JACK
Dina, I'm not betting my cat's life on some minimum wage-making bozo answering phones at some shelter!

DINA
But we don't have time. We're already late for the shower, and we're rehearsing here in an hour.

JACK
Then screw the shower, the rehearsal, and screw the goddam wedding, too!

DEBBIE
Mom...!

LARRY
You don't mean that, Jack.

JACK
Like hell I don't! This is Jinx, my Jinx, and I will not pretend to be happy and forget that he's not gone!

DINA
Then go! Find your stupid cat! And meanwhile I'll just call Phyllis and tell her and my twenty other friends who are waiting for us as we speak to shove the shower and keep their goddam gifts. I'm sure that will make Bob and Debbie very happy!

DEBBIE
Actually, Mom, I don't even know Phyllis. Or any of your friends.

DINA
No, and you never will because if we don't go to their shower they damn sure aren't coming to your wedding.

DEBBIE
So? Dad's not coming either if we can't find his dumbass cat.

JACK
Don't you dare call Jinx names--!

Dina holds up her agenda, which is already covered with notes, scribbles, and changes.

DINA
Watching, Jack? Watching Deb?
("x"-ing something else out)
I'm crossing off the shower and writing off my friends. What about the rehearsal and rehearsal dinner? Does anybody give a rat's ass?

LINDA
Look Dee, you do what you want with your part of the wedding, but Larry and I are hosting that damn dinner.

Pam returns with a handful of snapshots.

PAM
Here's some pictures. Want me to go grab the oil portrait?

JACK
These are fine. We should check the other shelters, too. There's a county one in Bellport and I think there's one in Sayville.
(handing out photos)
Take one, we'll search in groups. Pam and Denny in Mom's car, Deb and Bob the Buick, Larry, Linda the Cadillac...

PAM
And Kevin has his truck.

JACK
Good. C'mon, we'll ride with Kevin.

PAM
Dad, I'm going with Greg.

JACK
Suit yourself but let's MOVE.

He grabs a photo off the pile and rushes out the back door. And as the others do the same, Greg turns to Pam...

GREG
Be right there, I gotta get the key.

DINA
One hour, Jack! Father O'Boyle's coming and we're rehearsing at five!

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Kevin, still watching the Firemen, eyes the mass exodus.

JACK
Riley, give me your keys. We're checking the shelters for Jinx...

KEVIN
Oh, okay, Jack.

He joins the exodus, and as Pam stops and waits for Greg at the bottom of the porch steps, the Chief ambles over.

FIRE CHIEF
Well, now I've got another theory.

He holds up a small, square, burnt object. *Greg's Camels.*

FIRE CHIEF
Know any smokers?

EXT. BACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Greg walks toward the rental car, looking around.

GREG
Pam...?

In the distance-- the SOUND of a truck, shifting gears.

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK - HEADING DOWN THE ROAD - SAME

New-passenger Pam settles in beside Kevin as Jack grinds through the gears. As Kevin helps her buckle up...

JACK
I thought you were going with Greg.

PAM
(upset)
Greg's not coming, Dad.

JACK
I'm not surprised.

KEVIN
Peanut, you okay?

PAM
...yeah... long day...

KEVIN
Boy, I'll say. Poor Bob and Deb. I just hope when my wedding day comes, things go a lot smoother. Yours too...

PAM
Yeah, well, after today, I don't think I'll ever get married.

JACK
Never say never, sweety. There must be a million guys out there who'd marry you tomorrow, am I right Riles?

HONN-HONK! Jack eyes his mirror. A teal car's tailing.

JACK
Great, some loser's on my ass.

Pam eyes the side-view mirror. Yup-- Greg, in the Taurus.

EXT. A TWO-LANE HIGHWAY

Greg accelerates, pulls up along the right shoulder. And as he shoots Pam an animated "what happened?" shrug.

INT. THE FLATBED

KEVIN
It's Glen! What's he doing?

Jack downshifts and accelerates, trying to outrun him.

JACK
I'm not waiting to find out.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY

The truck and Taurus race down the roadway, Jack not yielding, keeping Greg on the soft, narrow shoulder.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg sees the shoulder ends soon. He brakes, swerves back on the road behind the truck, and as he goes to pass...

A BUS BARRELS HIS WAY. HONNNNK! Greg nails the brakes, whips the wheel, and falls in behind the flatbed, barely missing a deadly head-on with the speeding Greyhound bus.

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK

JACK
Did you see that? What a maniac!

KEVIN
Pam, what're you doing with this guy?

The $64,000 question. And as Pam stares, blankly…

PAM
I don't know…

INT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - BELLPORT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack jumps out of the parked truck, Jinx photos in hand. He sees two buildings-- one a kennel, the other an office.

JACK
You kids check death row, I'll file a missing feline report. Let's go!

INT. SHELTER KENNELS - SECONDS LATER

A steel door swings open and the place comes alive. Dogs whine, cats cry, puppies yelp, kitties caterwaul, all of them pressing up against cages, pleading for salvation.

Kevin and Pam walk a corridor of double-sided cages, carefully checking each one for Jinx. A beat, and… Greg rushes in, looking mad and confused. He sees them…

GREG
Pam, what's going on?

…but Pam and Kevin ignore him, keep walking.

GREG (cont'd)
I come outside, you're gone. I pull alongside, your Dad cuts me off--

KEVIN
(whirling)
Take a hint, you… doofus.

GREG
"Doofus"? And you kiss Jack with that mouth?

Lightning quick, Kevin SHOVES Greg. Greg stumbles back and hits a cage, scaring a poor Chihuahua shitless. Then he makes two fists and turns toward the much bigger Kevin.

GREG
You're going to be sorry, my friend.

KEVIN
I'm not your friend.

GREG
I was talking to myself, asshole.

And as he (stupidly) charges him--

PAM (O.S.)
HEY--!

Greg stops. Both turn. Pam's staring, fiercely.

PAM
Kevin, find someone who works here.
And Greg? Get lost.

She spins and continues walking, checking cages. Kevin shoots Greg a satisfied smirk before turning and heading down a hallway. Greg stands there a beat, then notices a door adjacent to the cages marked: "Employees Only."

DOWN THE AISLE OF CAGES - SECONDS LATER

Pam walks past cage after sad cage, peering inside.
But when she gets to an empty one--
There's Greg, staring back at her through the bars. He's accessed the "back aisle" the shelter employees use.

PAM
What are you doing back there?

GREG
I... got lost.

Bad move. Pam walks on. Greg follows, both of them walking and talking on either side of the "cellblock."

GREG
Pam, wait. I'm sorry.

PAM
For what?

GREG
For... whatever you're mad about.

She stops and turns, eyeing him through an empty cage.

PAM
The firemen found cigarettes, Greg.
Camels. You couldn't do it, could you. You couldn't go a day without your goddam smokes so you bought some at the Buy-Rite, snuck in the backyard and--

GREG
Woah, Matlock, hold on. I did not buy cigarettes. And the only smokes I did have you threw on the roof--
(beat, realizing)
Hey, there you go. The firemen's hose must have knocked them down...

PAM
Or you had more in your suitcase.

GREG
What suitcase? The idiots sent me the wrong bag-- (oops...)

PAM
What? You said it was yours--

GREG
Pam, honey, I can explain--

PAM
You lied to me AGAIN? Jesus, Greg, you're a sociopath! Is it any wonder my parents hate you?!

She's off again, Greg following.

GREG
C'mon, they don't "hate me." Okay, they hate me but Pam, stop. PLEASE.

She does, turning and facing him through the cage of a trembling mutt. Make it good, Greg. 'Cause this is it.

GREG (cont'd)
I'm not a sociopath. I'm still Greg, that guy from Chicago who loves you more than anything. And Pam, I'm your best friend. And you don't just... dump your best friend.

The caged mutt whimpers in agreement. Greg goes with it.

GREG (cont'd)
You don't... abandon someone who gives unconditional love, someone who lives just to make you happy--

PAM
Enough, I get it. And it's pointless since I can't trust you, my family can't trust you--

GREG
You can trust me, Pam. Trust me.

PAM
(eyes welling)
Greg, I can't. Not after today…

She turns and heads down the aisle. Greg stares, too stunned to follow, and as he slumps against a cold, concrete wall… three voices drift down doggy-death-row.

JACK (O.S.)
Is he here? The guy behind the counter said he wasn't sure…

KEVIN (O.S.)
Sorry, Jack. No Jinx…

JACK (O.S.)
Damn! C'mon, we'll try Sayville.

PAM (O.S., FADING)
Dad, there's no way Jinx got as far as Sayville. Besides, we'll never make it back in time for rehearsal--

The door slams with a THUD. And as the mutt whines…

EXT. THE L.I.E. - WESTBOUND - DAY

The Taurus heads back from whence it came.
Past a sign: "**Queens, LaGaurdia - 48 Mi**"

INT. GREG'S CAR - DRIVING WEST ON THE L.I.E. - DAY

Greg drives, numb. On his dash-- his Jinx photo.
On the radio-- Bread's "Baby I'm A Want You." Greg suffers through David Gates' saccharine swill until he can't take it any longer. He jabs a pre-set and gets--
Streisand, "The Way We Were." He kills it, then sees--

A Roadway sign: "**WELCOME TO SAYVILLE**"…
Almost immediately followed by another:
"**POLICE, FIRE, ANIMAL SHELTER, NEXT RT.**"

Greg eyes the Jinx photo, then the exit. What the hell.
He whips the wheels, bombing across traffic lanes, and…

EXT. SAYVILLE ANIMAL SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and an Employee walk past a series of outdoor runs filled with noisy dogs and cats, Greg holding the photo.

EMPLOYEE
Only Persian we got's right there.

He nods to a crowded run. Sitting alone in a corner is--

GREG
Jinx! That's him, that's Jinx!

The worker eyes Greg's Jinx photo, including Jinx's blue collar and gold name tag, then eyes the caged cat.

EMPLOYEE
Hang on. This cat arrived with not collar or tag. Also…
(checking photo again)
…your cat has a black tip on its tail and this one doesn't. No sir, he's definitely not your Persian.

GREG
Damn. Thought for sure it was him.

EMPLOYEE
Almost. Except for that tail…

And as Greg gets a far-away look in his eyes…

EXT. STRIP-MALL PET SHOP - LATER

A dozen SIGNS hang in the window, including "Tags Made While-U-Wait." Greg strolls outside, paper bag in hand.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT

The Taurus is backed up against the side of the building. Greg reaches in an open window, pulls out a small Buy-Rite paper bag. Then he walks to the trunk, looks around, and raises it up to block all but his head from view. Then…

There's the sound of a latch opening, a paper-bag crinkling, a plastic cap "popping," a ball rattling around inside a can, an aerosol HISS… and the WAIL of a cat.

EXT. BURNS BACKYARD - LATER

A handsome couple, flanked by their families, gather in the shadow of an elm, holding hands and smiling as a PRIEST (O'Boyle) prepares to lead them through their vows. Then--

CHAINSAWS ROAR as a TREE-CUTTING CREW attacks the scorched tree and burnt altar, tossing wood and severed limbs into--
A diesel WOODCHIPPER, belching black exhaust and woodpulp, its obscenely loud blades competing for decibels with--

THE BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of an Edison TRUCK, backing a cherry picker up to the home, the driver trying not to hit--

A SEPTIC TANK PUMPER (cute li'l skunk on its side) and its gas-masked DRIVER, as he wrestles a sewage-filled HOSE beneath a SWARM of flies, drinking in the fetid air.

UNDER THE ELM-- the determined Clergyman tries yelling over the hellish cacophony, but the stress is mounting…

Larry and Linda look LIVID. Pam and Kevin cup their EARS. VEINS bulge in Jack's neck. TEARS well in Dina's eyes. BLOOD trickles from Debbie's nose. All of them turn as--

A teal Taurus pulls into the drive. Greg gets out, squints at the loud, surrealistic sight, and then… Jack SNAPS.

JACK
YOU.

He rushes Greg, fists clenched, mayhem in mind.

PAM
Dad…!

GREG
Jack…! Wait…!

He fumbles with the keys, drops them, kicks them back toward the trunk, scoops them up, finds the one, slides it in, pops the trunk, and just as Jack's about to grab him--

GREG
Look--!

He holds up a CAT-CARRIER, a meowing Persian inside. And instantly… Jack goes from tiger to pussycat.

JACK
Jinxy?

He looks to Greg, lip trembling, eyes welling and…

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

LAUGHTER, as the two families unwind, sip drinks, and watch as Jack waltzes 'round the kitchen, the IMPOSTOR CAT in his arms. The backyard's quiet now, the workers gone.

JACK
"Pussycat, Pussycat, I love you…"

The PHONE rings, Dina answering while Greg holds court.

GREG
…and when I checked his collar and saw his "Jinx" name tag, my heart… *soared.*

KEVIN
Sayville? Wonder how he got so far?

DEBBIE
Or how he crossed the Browns River…

GREG
(shrugs)
Cat-amaran?

Greg SCORES, getting laughs from everyone but Kevin, who looks annoyed, and Pam, who looks… reserved. But before it gets too fun-- Dina hangs up the phone, turns to Greg.

DINA
Greg, I just got an interesting call--
(as Greg's face drains)
--from the Tux Shop owner. He says he found a matching tux in your size and he'll drop it by here tonight.

JACK
Hey, that's great!

Debbie and the Banks chime in, equally enthused.

GREG
Then I'm back in the wedding?

JACK
Of course! You're Pam's boyfriend-- you're practically family, right?

GREG
(smiles, overwhelmed)
If you say so, Jack.

JACK
I do say so. And so does my Jinxy.

The Impostor actually meows. Everyone LAUGHS, and as Jack continues the waltz and Dina fields another PHONE CALL… Jack suddenly stops, and feels the tip of the cat's tail.

PAM
What's the matter, Dad?

JACK
Something sticky got on his tail…

GREG
Probably road tar. The Cat-Catcher said he found him under a car…

JACK
(sniffs fur)
He smells different. Like… paint.

GREG
I'm not surprised-- they were painting the whole pound today.

JACK
(ignores Greg, to cat)
"Fe-lines... nothing more than..."

He grabs the Impostor's whiskers for a "sing-a-long" and-- ROWR-HISS! The Cat SWIPES at him, squirms, jumps down.

JACK
Jinxy-- what's come over you?

He starts to follow, but as the cat bolts past Dina...

DINA
Jack-- leave the poor cat alone. He's been through enough today.

JACK
(stops, back in wedding-mode)
Who was that on the phone?

DINA
The florist. He says he has a gorgeous trellis for an altar and then Phyllis beeped in and said don't worry about the shower, they understand, and everyone'll see us here tomorrow for the wedding.

LINDA
See? I knew it would all work out.

LARRY
A toast! To things working out!

Everyone raises a glass, including Jack (convinced for now) and Greg, who toasts Pam. And as she toasts back, thawing...

EXT. "THE SURF'N'TURF" - A WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - DUSK

The name's in NEON, the second "f" on the fritz, winking.

INT. THE SURF'N'TURF - SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Dessert. Coffee flows as the wedding party laughs and chats at a long, cluttered table. Bob, Deb, Denny, and the parents look relaxed, buzzed. Pam and Kevin, side-by-side, look less so. An empty chair sits between Jack and Pam.

JACK
Well gang, helluva day. We had fire...

LINDA
And flood. Well, sewage seepage.

DEBBIE
And Dad had a missing-cat cardiac…

DINA
I guess it just goes to show you. You can plan and plan, but no matter what, every wedding eventually--

THE OTHERS
--"has its one thing."

And as they all laugh it up, Jack looks around.

JACK
Pam, honey, where'd Greg go?

PAM
I'm not sure. I think the restroom…

KEVIN
Uh-oh. Sure hope the "Surf'N'Turd" doesn't have a septic tank…

Kevin grins and nods, awaiting a laugh. None comes.

JACK
Kevin, that's really uncalled for.

OVER BY THE RESTROOMS-- Greg eyes them from afar, hiding between two pay-phone partitions and using BOTH PHONES.

GREG (INTO ONE PHONE)
--yes, it's still grey and still has a ring in it-- a ring I absolutely need by tomorrow, hear me? Hang on…
(into the other phone)
What's that? No, I called that shelter, my cat's not there…

BACK AT THE TABLE - SECONDS LATER

Bob sees Greg returning. He stands, waves him over.

BOB
Gregor, shake it! Can't do this without you here, buddy.

GREG
Sorry folks, I was just paying a li'l visit to the… urinal fairy.

LAUGHS as Greg scores with this tepid call-back. It truly is a different world. He takes his seat beside Jack, who grins and pats his back as Bob taps a spoon on a glass.

BOB
All righty, everybody, listen up. I'd like to take this moment to thank the members of my wedding party for standing up with me, and to give them each a token of my appreciation.

GREG
A free angioplasty?

Greg scores! The man's on fire.

BOB
No Greg, but you're not far off.

He tosses Greg, Denny, and Kevin three small, wrapped boxes. Denny tears his open in a millisecond. It's--

DENNY
A knife! Swiss Army Knife. Cool.

Good ones, too, lots of doohickeys. Dina looks concerned.

DINA
Is Denny old enough for a knife?

BOB
The main blade's only three inches.

GREG
Three inches on an army knife. No wonder the Swiss were always neutral.

HAT TRICK, the Burns and Banks laughing and beaming at white-hot Greg. Even Pam shoots him a smile, clearly impressed. Bob turns toward the somber Kevin beside her, who's sitting and staring at his unopened army knife.

BOB
Hope you like it, Riles. It's hard to buy for a guy who has everything.

KEVIN
Well, almost everything.

He shoots a none-too-subtle look Pam's way, who looks down, clearly uncomfortable, and as the moment hangs… Greg turns to Jack, feeling good and ready to try again.

GREG
Jack, when you're free, there's something important I'd like to ask you…

JACK
I'm free now. What's on your mind?

A BAND starts in the main room, the B-52's "Love Shack."

DEBBIE
Hey everybody! Let's go dance!

She jumps up, as do the Banks and Dina, who beckons Jack.

DINA
C'mon, we'll practice for tomorrow!

Jack stands, takes her hand, turns to Greg...

JACK
We'll talk later. C'mon and dance!

Dina leads him to the parquet, and as a bombed Bob and boppin' Debbie drag a crabby Kevin along with them... That leaves Denny (now playing mumbly-peg), Greg, and--

PAM
Wanna get some air?

EXT. THE SURF'N'TURF PATIO AREA - NIGHT

Music behind them, phosphorescent surf before them, Pam and Greg lean against a rail, enjoying the moonlit sea.

GREG
Mmm... nothing says Summer like a warm night and the smell of the ocean...

PAM
Except maybe a warm day, and the... smell of beer and dogs at Wrigley.

That's all it takes. They turn to each other, *back*.

PAM/GREG
I'm sorry...

GREG
You're sorry?

PAM
I thought about what you said, about the cigarettes being knocked down by the firemen's hose, and--

GREG
Pam, it's okay. Today was crazy. Let's just forget all about what happened today. Life starts tonight.

He moves toward her, taking her hand.

PAM
Yeah, you're scoring big tonight.

GREG
Right, so now there's no reason why we can't all be one big, happy family. You, me, Jack, Dee, Kevin...

He says this tongue-in-cheek. Pam shakes her head, sighs.

PAM
Poor Kevin. I don't know what I was thinking. I'm sure he thinks we're getting back together again.

GREG
I'm still wondering why you broke up. The guy seems damn near perfect.

PAM
He *is* perfect. And the idea of spending the rest of my life with someone who's so... *together* that the only person he needs in his life is himself, well, who needs that? I need a relationship I can bring something to, a man I can change, someone at *least* as screwed up as me.

GREG
And I know just the guy.

He grins big, pointing a finger at his big, grinning face. Pam smiles, nods, and as they both lean in and kiss... THE BAND segues into a sweet, romantic Gershwin song.

GREG
Hey, they're playing our song.

PAM
We don't have a song.

GREG
We do now.

He smiles, takes her hand, and as they head back inside...

INT. SURF'N'TURF RESTAURANT - DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The gang's all there, dancing cheek-to-cheek. Jack with Dina, Linda with Larry, Debbie with Bob. No sign of Kevin. Greg and Pam sway alongside Debbie and Bob, now kissing.

PAM
Hey now, none of that the night before your wedding. It's bad luck.

DEBBIE
Ha. Nothing's going to top today.

BOB
So long as that darn cat stays put.

JACK
Oh, Jinxy's not going anywhere.
I shut him up in the den.

The Gershwin tune ends, Larry and Linda moving to the bandstand, making a request, and suddenly...

CHEESY LEAD SINGER
This one's for Dr. Bob and Debbie!

And as the band strikes up a jazzy "Wedding March"...

CHEESY LEAD SINGER (cont'd)
Here comes the bride, scooby-dooby...

...the music continues over this INTERCUT SERIES OF SHOTS--

INT. THE DEN/THE DANCE FLOOR

--The Impostor Cat CLAWS Deb's wedding dress to shreds.
--Bob whirls Debbie around the floor.
--Impostor Cat PEES on the laid-out tuxes.
--Jack dips a laughing Dina.
--Impostor Cat PUKES on some linens, knocks over a phone.
--Larry and Linda clap and laugh beside the crooner.
--Impostor Cat TOPPLES a stack of dishes. KSSSSSHH!!
--And as Greg and Pam dance their troubles away...

EXT. THE BURNS HOME - FROM AFAR - NIGHT - LATER

Car doors slam. Nine shadowy figures move toward the backporch in the moonlight. Bob (lit) and Deb sing.

BOB AND DEBBIE (O.S.)
...Love Shack! Ba-bee, Love Shack...!

JACK (O.S.)
Dee honey, what's this bag here?

DINA (O.S.)
Oh good-- it's Greg's tux. Be a dear and put it with the others.

LINDA (O.S.)
I can't believe Riley just left.

DENNY (O.S.)
He said he wasn't feeling too hot.

LARRY (O.S.)
I see stars. Gonna be nice tomorrow.

GREG (O.S.)
Oh, it's gonna be beautiful.

Suddenly, Jack starts to SCREAM.

DINA/DEBBIE (O.S.)
What?! What is it?!

EVERYONE (O.S.)
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

INT. THE DEVASTATED DEN - IN THE DOORWAY

Nine stunned faces eye the destruction. Tattered tuxes, torn drapes, broken picture frames, plates, and glasses, puked-on dresses, shattered Nanny-Cams, a phone off the hook... And atop the sofa-bed, licking a paw and purring--

THE IMPOSTOR CAT
Meow?

Debbie stammers, stunned, speechless. Beside her--
Larry is so mad he actually GROWLS and CHARGES "Jinx."

LARRY
I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

The cat bolts, Larry on his ass. Jack gets on Larry's.

JACK
Don't you touch him Banks!

The cat slaloms through the shins of Bob, Pam and Denny--

BOB/PAM/DENNY
Dad!/Larry!/Dude!

--who RESTRAIN Larry as Jack scoops up the frazzled cat.

LARRY
Let me go! You Burns care more
about a damn cat than the wedding!

JACK
You're drunk!

LARRY
And you're a goddam nutbag!

DENNY
Shuttup, ass-wipe.

DINA
Denny!

She whirls and SLAPS him on the face, probably a first.

DENNY
I'm outta here.

He bumps his way out, past the still stunned and trembling Debbie, the gaping Greg, and the pale, gasping Linda who… Crumples against the wall and then DROPS to the floor.

BOB/LARRY
MOM? LIN?

They push through and kneel at her side.

BOB
She's hyperventilating! Get a bag!

Pam hands Bob a "Surf'N'Turf" doggy bag, which he shoves over his mother's mouth. Linda struggles and pushes it away, Bob dumping out a cold lobster tail and trying again. And as Linda starts to breathe… Debbie loses it.

DEBBIE
IT'S RUINED. EVERYTHING'S RUINED!

She turns and bolts, bawling. Bob and Pam give chase--

PAM/BOB
Debbie!

--and Larry helps Linda up, her face still in the bag.

LINDA
…I'm fine… I'll be fine…

Larry looks to Dina and then to Jack, who's still cradling the now-calm cat. He speaks slowly, trying to maintain.

LARRY
We… will be at our hotel. You call us if there's still a wedding…

Linda leans on Larry and they hobble toward the back door, passing Dina, who ignores them as she glares at Jack and "Jinx." Then she turns and heads down the hall, leaving…

Jack, Greg, and the purring Impostor Cat. Jack in a daze.

JACK
He's never done anything like this before. It doesn't make sense…

He looks to Greg, as if expecting an answer.

GREG
Maybe he was traumatized, from being left so soon after being lost.

JACK
(then, looking at Jinx)
It's like he came back from that pound an entirely different cat…
(beat, breaking down)
Oh, what's it matter? I've destroyed my Debbie-Doodle's wedding day…

He sags, chin meeting chest, then begins to SOB, the Impostor Cat dropping from Jack's lap to the floor.

Greg, feeling guilty, moves closer to Jack. He raises a hand, hesitates, then places it awkwardly on Jack's heaving shoulder, patting him lightly as if burping a baby.

GREG
It's okay, Jack. It'll work out…

Touched, Jack looks up, his eyes welling with gratitude.

JACK
Greg… thanks… for being here for me…
(pats Greg's patting hand)
And you said back at dinner, there was something you wanted to ask me…?

Greg eyes Jack, so weak, so vulnerable. The time has come.

GREG
Jack, if there's one thing I've realized over the last two days, it's how much I want to spend my life with…

A CAT runs in behind Jack. A PERSIAN. JINX. As he races up to his evil doppelgänger, back-raised, ready to rumble…

GREG
…CATS!

He GROWLS, cat-like, THROWING himself on Jack and STARTLING THE PERSIANS who bolt, together, down the hall. Then Greg gets up on his elbows, nose-to-nose on the bed with Jack.

GREG (cont'd)
So if Jinx has pups can I have one, please? Think about it. G'night.

He rolls off the bed and runs after the (now-gone) cats. And as Jack sits up, looking weepy, mad, and confused…

INT. THE KITCHEN

Dina sits at the table, Tom Collins in one hand, Vodka bottle in the other. She watches, bleary-eyed, as-- Jinx runs by, followed by the Impostor Cat, followed by--

GREG
…hey…

Dina squints and eyes her drink as Jack races by.

DINA
Honey, why is Jinx chasing Jinx?

JACK
Have a drink, Dina!

INT. BURNS HOME - SECOND STORY HALLWAY

The Impostor Cat flies up the stairs, Jinx on his tail.

INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM - ON THE BED

Pam sits on the bed, comforting Debbie. Jinx and the I.C. race by, unseen, and as Pam looks up and sees Greg run by…

PAM
Now what?

INT. DENNY'S ROOM

The cats run in, Jinx cornering the Impostor. *CAT FIGHT!* Greg runs in, slams the door, and dives into the melee, grabbing one of the hissing, clawing cats by the scruff.

GREG
Ow! Shit! Aah!

PAM (APPROACHING, O.S.)
Greg?

He looks to the window, then down at the cat--

GREG
Please don't be Jinx.

--before grabbing the sling of the water-condom launcher.

EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - TWO SECONDS LATER

A hair-raising DOPPLER-HOWL pierces the night sky as the Impostor Cat CATAPULTS over tranquil suburbia.

THE IMPOSTOR CAT
eeeeeeeeeeEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYooooowwwww!

INT. DENNY'S ROOM

Pam swings the door open, Jack right behind her. Greg spins from the window and strikes a casual pose, the launcher's rubber sling still swinging a bit behind him.

GREG
Pam, Jack, what's up?

JACK
I thought I heard the cat cry.

Jinx(?) rubs against Greg's shins. Greg lifts him up--

GREG
You did. I was just--

He YANKS some fur from a paint-free tail. Jinx YOWLS.

GREG (cont'd)
--picking tar off him. Soft, see?

Jack eyes Greg, wary, before taking Jinx back and giving him another hard look. Then, convinced it's his Jinx...

JACK
Well I, for one, am whacked. Night.

PAM
Night, Dad.

She pecks his cheek. Greg gives a little wave.

GREG
G'night, Jack. Mister Jinx.

Jack nods, leaves with his cat, and Greg turns to Pam.

GREG
So, how's Debbie doing?

PAM
Fine. The wedding's still on, it's just going to have to be casual. She thinks maybe on their fifth anniversary, they'll come back here, renew their vows, and try it again.

GREG
Huh. Well, take lots of pictures.

PAM
I'm not coming. No fucking way.

They laugh, smile, then lean in and kiss.

PAM
You know what's crazy? It worked out. After all this... *insanity*... I think my parents actually like you.

GREG
(eyebrows up, hopeful)
Enough to let us sleep together?

EXT. MOONLIT BACK PORCH - NIGHT

The door opens and Greg steps out, juggling a pillow, blanket, and tomorrow's (bagged) tux. As he flips on a porch light... there's Doctor Bob, in a chair, with a beer.

GREG
Bob? Sorry, I thought I'd crash out here. The den smells like... cat piss.

BOB
Go for it, I'm almost done. Just having one last brew as a free man.

Greg plops his stuff on the couch, starts making up a bed.

GREG
Well, 24 hours from now it'll all be over and you'll be jetting to your honeymoon. Where you two heading?

BOB
We're just driving up to Niagara. I have to start NYU in a week.
(drains his beer)
Yup, after tonight, it gets rough. From now on, my life is... pressure.

GREG
But Med-School... that's great. What field of medicine you looking at?

BOB
What else? Plastic Surgery. After all, we gotta please the p's...
(drains beer, crumples can)
Speaking of which, you seen 'em?

GREG
Your parents? They left a while ago.

BOB
Shit. They were my ride to Riley's.

GREG
Oh. Well, I have a car, the rental...

He fishes out the key, tosses it to Bob.

BOB
Thanks man, I owe ya one.

GREG
Hey, you too.

Bob slaps Greg's back and heads for the car. Greg smiles, and starts to undress, feeling pretty good about things. And as Bob backs the Taurus up the drive, DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BURNS HOME - DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING

...and the Cadillac pulls in right where the Taurus left. Lar, Lin, and Kev get out, wearing sweats, looking anxious.

EXT. BURNS HOME - FRONT DOOR

Larry POUNDS the front door as Linda nails the bell.

INT. BURNS HOME - THE KITCHEN

Jack and Dina, in their robes, trade quizzing looks.

INT. THE FOYER - SECONDS LATER

Jack opens the door, Dina behind him. The trio push by.

LINDA/LARRY
Where's Doctor Bob? BOB M.D.?!

DINA/JACK
Larry, Linda--/What's going on?

UPSTAIRS-- Pam (jog clothes) Debbie (a robe), and Denny (last night's clothes) straggle out to the landing.

LARRY
My son up there?

KEVIN
I woke up and he was gone. If he was ever there...

DEBBIE/PAM
What? Why didn't you call us?

LARRY
You got a goddam phone off the hook!

DINA
He didn't leave a note, or *anything*?

JACK
Where could he go? He has no car.

GREG (O.S.)
Actually...

Greg enters from the hall in Pam's "Hello Kitty" sleep-tee.

GREG
...I gave him mine.

LARRY
You gave him yours?

GREG
Yeah, we were up talking last night--

JACK
What did you say to him?!

GREG
Nothing. We were just talking.
About marriage and... pressure...

LINDA/LARRY
JESUS! What'd you say, you Pothead?!

GREG
That wasn't my pot--

DENNY
He's high.

JACK
Don't lie to us, Focker!

GREG
You're one to talk, "Johnny". How's
Carol and the beach house?

JACK
You *spied* on me? You son-of-a--

DINA
Carol <u>who</u>, Jack? The realtor?
You're screwing her again?!!

PAM/DEBBIE/DENNY
What?/Dad?!/Cool.

JACK
Dina-- I told you that was over.

DEBBIE
Daddy, how <u>could</u> you?!

JACK
To get even with her and Ed O'Boyle!

PAM
Father O'Boyle?

DINA
At least Ed and I knew when to quit! We're not off at some "beach house."

JACK
That "beach house" happens to be one of Carol's listings, which I just happened to buy-- to give to you!

DINA
What do I want a beach house for?!

JACK
For our twenty-fifth fucking anniversary, Dina! SUR-PRISE!

LARRY
Who cares?! Where's Bob, Focker?

GREG
How should I know?! Maybe he couldn't take the pressure-- of the wedding, and being a Dad.

BURNS/BANKS
What?! You're pregnant?!

DEBBIE
Thanks, Mom! Thanks SO MUCH.

DINA
I didn't tell him!

DEBBIE
Then how could he know?!

DINA
He was peeping on us, in the tree!

GREG
I wasn't, I was chasing the cat--

JACK
You let Jinx out?

LARRY
No wonder Bob left-- it's a goddam shotgun wedding!

JACK
(whirls, to Larry)
You asshole...!

KEVIN
You burned my altar?!

GREG
Not on purpose but yeah, a I burned your faggy altar!

KEVIN
(charging Greg)
You asshole...!

Jack SHOVES Larry. Kevin SHOVES Greg. And just like that…

IT'S A FREE-FOR-ALL, Jack and Larry duking and wrestling as Dina and Linda kick, slap, and pull hair. Pam works both sides, trying to pull Jack off Larry and Kevin off Greg.

PAM
Stop it! STOP!

Kevin pins Greg on his back, raises a mighty fist, and-- Pam jumps on Kev's back, pounding him, arms flailing. And as he's forced to turn his attention to Pam--

DENNY (O.S.)
Greg--

Denny, on the balcony, tosses Greg something-- *his Swiss Army Knife*. He catches it, blindly flips out some steel--

GREG
Let's rock, motherfucker!

--and JABS Kevin in the thigh with a shiny li'l CORKSCREW.

Kevin HOWLS. He FLINGS Pam off his back, sending her skidding away on her fanny(pack). Jack sees this, gets off Larry, and as Kevin makes a fist for Greg's coup de grâce…

JACK
Riley--

Kev turns and BAM! Catches Jack's FIST in his face. He falls back, Jack diving on top of him, slugging away, and as Pam, furious, joins in and the three of them roll past the bawling Debbie and the hair-pulling Dina and Linda…

Greg stares, dazed, watching the chaos before him. His blank expression says it all. *It's over.*

EXT. THE BACK PORCH - SECONDS LATER

Greg steps out with his wallet, shoes, and (still bagged) TUX, Jinx bolting out the door before it shuts. And as Greg heads for the driveway, walking and dressing…

INT. THE FOYER

Jack, still atop Kevin, spies Greg from a front window. He headbutts Riley, ending that, gets up, and…

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - SECONDS LATER

JACK (O.S.)
Focker--?!

…Jack's coming down the front steps, heading for Greg.

JACK (cont'd)
You think you can destroy my family and just walk away? No chance…

GREG
That's right, *no chance*. I never had a chance with you, did I, Jack? Because I'm not someone you… profiled and selected for your daughter.

JACK
Only the best for my girls, Nurse-boy.

GREG
Yeah, okay, I'm a nurse. I empty bedpans, insert catheters and shave people's privates but you know what, Mr. CIA? I am <u>proud</u> of my job, and I'm a helluva lot better at it than you are, Santa.

JACK
What--?

GREG
You don't have a clue about me. You think I did things I didn't and don't know half the things I did. The truth is, I could be a spy, but you don't have the <u>balls</u> to be a nurse. You don't know a thing about it.

JACK
I know how to draw blood…

As he comes for him, Pam appears on the front porch.

PAM
DAD! GREG! What are you doing?!

GREG
I love your daughter, Mr. Burns.
(turns to Pam)
I want to marry her, make her happy.

JACK
You can't make her happy.

PAM
Dad--

JACK
Pamcake, stay out of this--

PAM
NO! I'm not a… *cat* you can train like a dog! Stop telling me what to do.

JACK
Pam, I'm trying to protect you--

PAM
From *what*?

JACK
He destroyed our family. You saw what happened in there--

PAM
Yeah, and God knows why a nice guy like Greg Focker would want to join a fucked-up family like ours. You're not trying to protect me, Dad. You're trying to… keep me.

She says this with such conviction and clarity that Jack is completely shut down. And as the moment hangs…

A number of WEDDING-RELATED VANS pull into the driveway. Followed by a WHITE VAN, the Driver calling to Greg.

VAN DRIVER
Mr. Gregory? I got your bag…

And as he holds up a lime-green Samsonite…

GREG
Thanks, listen, you going back to LaGaurdia? Because I need a ride.

VAN DRIVER
Uh… sure. Hop in.

Greg spins to Pam. Reaches a hand to her.

GREG
Pam, c'mon. Come with me.

JACK
Baby, don't…

GREG
We can be back in Chicago by noon. There's a day game, at Wrigley…

She takes Greg's hand, her eyes on Jack, her heart breaking.

PAM
He loves me, Daddy.

He reaches out and takes Pam's other hand.

JACK
I love you, Pumpkin.

PAM
I know. Let me go, Dad.
(almost a whisper)
Let go…

Jack drops her hand. Pam nods, turns, and climbs in…

INT. THE VAN

…sharing the seat with a much-relieved Greg. They pull away, Pam watching Jack shrink in the dirty side-mirror, and as she turns to Greg and musters a bittersweet smile…

EXT. BURNS HOME - FRONT YARD

Jack is distraught, in pain. He paces a circle, stops, then sits on the front lawn steps, breaking down, a few feet away from a MALE FLORIST unloading his van.

Seeing this, the Florist ambles over, concerned.

MALE FLORIST
Mr. Burns? Are you okay?

JACK
(looks up, eyes wet)
My daughter… I've lost my daughter…

MALE FLORIST
(patting Jack's back)
Now, now. You're gaining a son…

They look up as a car arrives. Teal Taurus. BOB INSIDE.

BOB
Hey Mr. B! This is it, the big day.

JACK
(stands, irate)
Where the hell've you been?

BOB
Scoring breakfast.
(steps out with donut box)
I got up early, got a baker's dozen, went back to Riley's and he wasn't there. Nice of him to leave a note…

And as Jack looks beyond him to the teal rental car…

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - CURBSIDE - MORNING

Pam and Greg step out of the van, Greg drawing immediate looks with his pillow hair and "Hello Kitty" tux-ensemble.

INT. AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Pam and Greg stare, numb, as a CLERK hands them tickets.

TICKET CLERK
Any bags to check?

INT. AIRPORT BAR - LATER

Pam stirs her Bloody Mary and stares into space, troubled. Greg stares at Pam, troubled she's so troubled.

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Attention all passengers, Flight 531 to Chicago is now boarding, Gate 2.

GREG
(after a beat)
That's us. You ready...?

PAM
Let's do it.

They push their stools out, turn, and head for the gates. But then Pam peels off for the adjacent Ladies Room.

PAM
Hang on. Pit-stop...

She ducks inside, Greg waiting and leaning up against a wall, knees bent, eyes shut, massaging his temples, feeling the strain. And when he opens his eyes...

JACK IS THERE, in his face. He places a hand on Greg's shoulder and looks him right in the eye. Pupil-to-pupil.

JACK
Three questions. Where's Pam?

GREG
Restroom...

JACK
You love her?

GREG
With all my heart.

JACK
(nods, then)
Can you forgive me?

GREG
Absolutely.

A beat, then Jack smiles and pulls Greg into a warm, honest, embrace. Greg breathes again, his color returning, and as he looks over Jack's shoulder, out the window to the tarmac...

OUTSIDE - ON AN ABANDONED SECTION OF TARMAC

An area's cordoned off with yellow police tape. In the middle of it all sits a LONE SUITCASE. *A grey Tourister.*

GREG
Jack... hang on...

He breaks the hug and moves toward the window where a CROWD of onlookers have gathered to watch the action.

GREG
Whose suitcase is that?

CURIOUS ONLOOKER
No one's-- they found it abandoned so they're blowing it up.

Greg looks a few hundred yards "down-range" where there's a blue "NYPD BOMB SQUAD" Van and a mess of NEWS REPORTERS.

GREG
THAT'S MY BAG!

He spins and runs through an exit door. An ALARM sounds.

JACK
Greg-- wait--!

INT. AIRPORT/EXT. TARMAC - SLOW-MOTION SERIES OF SHOTS:

--The Crowd and Reporters turn and point at Greg, stunned.
--TWO AIRPORT COPS pull their guns, give chase.

AIRPORT COPS (SLO-MO)
Freeeeeeeeezzzzzzze.....!

--Greg keeps going, oblivious, focused, on a mission.
--The Cops stop, crouch in a stance, aim their guns...
--Pam exits the restroom, sees Greg, the guns. SCREAMS.
--BUT HERE COMES JACK, racing up behind the cops.
--He disarms them like a pro with a single, fluid motion.
--Greg sprints by a Firetruck, and as MORE COPS draw guns...
--SHKWOOO! They're COVERED with a FUSILLADE OF FIRE-FOAM.
--JACK'S on an Airport Firetruck, firing the deck-top GUN.
--And as Greg sprints through the police tape, screaming...

GREG
NOOOOO...!

--A BOMB SQUAD GUY (earplugs, facing away) hits a PLUNGER.
--KABOOM! The Tourister explodes in a big orange fireball.
--Greg and his suitcase are blown high into the air, and--

END SLO-MO as fiery debris rains down on the tarmac and a dozen cops converge on the firetruck and Jack on top.

JACK
(hops down, badge out)
Relax, boys. CIA.

100 YARDS AWAY-- Greg, face down and clothes smoldering, coughs and cowers in a cloud of smoke and debris. But when he finally looks up… something small and on fire is tumbling toward him, almost as if it were sentient.

It stops mere inches from his blast-blackened face. And even ablaze, you can see it's a box. A tiny velvet box. Greg blows it out, picks it up, opens it. *The Ring*. He turns, sees Jack coming, and as he flashes a thumbs-up…

We hear "Leaving On A Jet Plane" by Peter, Paul, and Mary.

EXT. BURNS HOME - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

A hundred-odd people watch Debbie (white sundress) and Bob (Dockers, Polo shirt) hold hands and run a gauntlet of flying birdseed to the driveway and an idling limousine.

AT THE LIMO-- Greg, Pam, Denny, and the parents cheer and throw seed, Jack holding Jinx and sniffling. Then-- Debbie raises her bouquet and a handful of WOMEN surge forward, screaming. Debbie winds up to throw, then turns--

DEBBIE
Here, Sis.

--and flips it a few feet to Pam, Greg's brilliant diamond shining brightly on her finger. The sisters smile, Deb gets in the limo, and as Denny shuts the door…

The car roars away, trailing a "Just Married" sign and tin cans. Larry and Linda (black eye, split-lip) turn to Jack, Dina (wrist-splint) and Greg and Pam.

LARRY
A toast! To the newlyweds!

DINA
And to being grandparents!

Pam, Greg, and the four new in-laws grin, clink, and drink. Then Jack raises his glass to propose yet another.

JACK
And to Pam, and to Greg, our next son.

They toast, Jack leaning to peck Greg on the cheek. Then...

JACK (cont'd)
C'mon everybody, let's cut a rug!

Dina, Jack, and the Banks head for the fast-filling dance floor. Greg and Pam follow, walking slowly, arm in arm.

GREG
I think it was a beautiful wedding.

PAM
Me too. How soon can we elope?

They laugh, share a kiss, and glide onto the parquet, just as the Dee-Jay spins another record. Hey-- it's that cool and romantic Gershwin tune, the D.J. winking Greg's way.

GREG
As soon as you want. There's just one thing you need to do first...

PAM
What's that?

GREG
Meet my parents...

Pam smiles, and as they kiss and dance to their song it's...

THE END